JOHN BULL, week ending March 23, 1940

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV, 1971

3D EVERY THURSDAY

HAPPY FAMILIES By The EDITOR

ANOTHER £250 FOR "BULLETS"

BLOT OUT THE LUFTWAFFE by A. G. E.

There's nothing like a GUINNESS after a hard day's work . . .

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

This week's FOOD FACTS *describes a*

One-pot dinner

Tasty dishes from austerity rations! A lot of people cook their meals on a one-ring cooker, one-burner stove or open fire; so the Ministry of Food Kitchen has worked out this delicious and practical one-pot meal — and timed it for you as well.

Menu for four. Meat for Stuffing 2-3 lbs.: Stuffing 4 oz.: Mixed root vegetables 1½ lbs.: Potatoes 1½-2 lbs.: Leeks 2 lbs. Steamed pudding (any recipe which needs 2 hours steaming). Custard Sauce. *You will need a steamer. If you haven't got one try making the one described below.*★

COOKING TIME-TABLE

(To have dinner ready by 1 p.m.)

10 a.m. Make stuffing; stuff the meat.

10.30. Make custard and put aside to heat up later.

10.45. Heat the fat in a large pan and brown meat in it, browning both sides. Remove meat from pan. Pour off remaining fat and add root vegetables (not potatoes) cut in large pieces. Season with salt and pepper and add 1 pint water or vegetable stock. Put meat on top of vegetables, place lid on top. Bring the liquid to the boil, then turn down heat and simmer. Allow approximately 40 minutes to the lb.

11.0 Place pudding in top of steamer. Cover pudding with saucepan lid or inverted plate.

12.15 p.m. Place leeks, sprouts, or other green vegetables round pudding bowl taking care not to pack tightly, or the steam will not have a chance to penetrate and cook vegetables and pudding. To make up for reduction of Vitamin C in green vegetables cooked this way, either sprinkle the root vegetables with chopped parsley just before serving or serve watercress as a garnish. Cut large leeks in half.

12.30. Cut potatoes in quarters and put round the meat. Sprinkle with salt.

1.0. Dish up. Use the liquid in the bottom of the pan for gravy; darken with gravy browning before serving. Rinse saucepan. Put custard sauce in a basin, cover with plate or paper and stand basin in saucepan in about ½ in. of boiling water to reheat. Put steamer containing pudding on top again and keep water below boiling.

★ **A HOME-MADE STEAMER**
If you haven't a steamer, make one for yourself like the one in the picture out of an old sandwich tin and cake tin or large basin. See that the sandwich tin fits the top of your largest saucepan, punch holes all over the bottom of tin to allow the steam to come through. The top of the steamer can be a large bowl or cake tin turned upside down. It must fit into the sandwich tin.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 193

MARMITE
the making of good stews

Marmite, the Yeast food-extract, adds nourishment as well as delicious flavour to all Soups, Stews and Gravies. Marmite makes a savoury filling for Sandwiches.

Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

WAITING FOR THE DAY OF LIBERATION

The starving children behind the walls of Hitler's European fortress have not long to wait. When their day of liberation comes it will be our duty to eliminate the traces of famine and privation and restore the young generation to health and strength. Vitaminised chocolate is being stored in readiness for these unfortunate children, and Cadburys are helping to make it.

CADBURY means QUALITY

Madam

IMPORTANT NOTICE

"SPAM"

"SPAM"—is the registered trademark distinguishing the product manufactured exclusively by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., "Spam" is made of pure pork shoulder meat with ham meat added. "Spam" is sold ONLY in 12 oz. tins plainly marked with the trademark "Spam." We are sorry that during the war, supplies of "Spam" are restricted.

★ "Spam" is a registered trademark.

and get what so many others can't

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well worth getting

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How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effects on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1. Wet the beard thoroughly.
2. Put a little cream on chin with finger tip.
3. Lather with plenty of water on brush.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 25, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

LOSING GRIP

"NOW the crisis has come," General Dittmar tells the German nation.

Even Goebbels thinks the warning is only just a little premature—"It is five minutes to twelve; the war is approaching its dramatic climax."

And to-day we can see how the enemy proposes to meet zero hour.

Three-Point Plan

His plan is three-fold.

In Russia, he aims at shortening the northern and central fronts. Thus could he create the reserve which he cannot spare from Eastern Europe. At the same time, he will "draw on" the Russian Ukrainian forces to the south—away from Germany's own frontiers.

To Meet Invasion

In the West, he calculates on inflicting such crippling losses on the Anglo-American invasion armies as to give him time for a last effort to beat the Russians.

And he proposes to hoard the *Luftwaffe* fighters until our invasion actually begins.

Two Shocks

It is a sensible plan. Probably it is the best that could be devised in the circumstances. But events are not going according to plan; two developments are likely to wreck it.

Sweeping On

In the south of Russia, the Red Army is not being "drawn on." It is surging on.

Hitler is losing not only the Ukraine but the best blood of his Ukrainian males.

A thousand German tanks have been abandoned in a week. And not only tanks and guns, but even the supplies without which the tanks and guns are useless junk.

One and All

So the enemy finds Rumania in peril earlier than he expected—far sooner than the time when, he hoped, he might bring back troops from the West to meet the threat to his oil resources.

And if Rumania falls, all the Balkans will fall.

Finnish Folly

For Germany's dupes are no longer willing to bleed for her. True, Finland could extricate herself more easily than could Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria. True, also, that the Finns have been both slow and stupid in this respect. But their folly—and its results—will surely put the others in better heart to meet the Red Army, Tito's forces on their flanks, and probably General Wilson's huge army as well!

Our Task

As for the second part of the German plan, Von Rundstedt continues to inspect the Atlantic Wall and to boast of its invulnerability.

Flooding of coastal areas, concrete lines and pillboxes, tank traps and hidden guns—certainly they make our task the most formidable in history.

Soft Spots?

All the enemy forces in the West are now standing-to. But even though they may number some forty-five divisions, they cannot man the whole coast from Denmark to the Riviera.

There are bound to be some soft spots.

Come Up, Go Down

The third part of the plan has already presented the enemy with his second dilemma.

With great care, he has kept his French-based fighter 'planes on the ground. They cannot be enticed up in order to be sent crashing down.

But the attack on Germany is another matter. Even the *Luftwaffe* dare not allow its homeland to be pounded without opposition.

Weak Link

Here, indeed, is the weakest part of the plan.

Germany is open to bomber attack from Britain, Italy—and Russia. If it is bombed into chaos, the war's end must follow automatically. If it is defended to the full, not much fighter cover will be left for the troops who must oppose our armies.

Given dark nights and reasonably clear days, the next month's aerial warfare should be decisive.

Alexander Strikes

In Italy, weather has been our worst enemy. At least a week of sunshine is needed to harden the ground.

Yet already Alexander has shown the power of his punch. Cassino has become a second Pompeii; both the Fifth and Eighth Armies have ensured that the enemy will not be able to withdraw divisions from Italy when other European countries are invaded.

Look Eastwards

Our enemy in the Far East has his own problems.

He must triple his aircraft output without increasing the number of his factories. He can supply his island outposts in the S.W. Pacific only by submarines and small surface craft. Fifty thousand of his troops in New Britain are cut off without hope. And the British Fourteenth Army has penetrated a hundred miles into Burma—though our main attack must wait until we can release shipping from Europe.

The Common Folk

So still we need more shipping and arms of all kinds. Our production as a whole is still good. Indeed, it is proportionately *the highest in the world.*

On the whole, again, the common people of the Allied industrial countries have given a magnificent example of toil and unity.

Disunity

An example to their leaders! For it is the statesmen and diplomats who cause disunity among the United Nations.

JOHN BULL has severely criticised British statesmen for not co-operating more fully with the leaders of other States. But it must be said that the fault is not confined to London.

Acting Alone

Thus, the U.S.A. acted "on her own" regarding the Argentine, Spain and Eire.

Now Soviet Russia has extended diplomatic recognition to Italy's puppet king and Marshal Badoglio's government.

That has been a nasty shock for British Communists. And it must have been a shock for the British Government, too, for it was made without consultation with others of the not-so-United Nations.

Wrong Way

Such independent actions are not the way in which the war can be won. They are quite a good way in which to lose the peace on which all the ordinary people of the world are building their hopes.

The political framework of the United Nations is still shaky. The will to use it is weak.

The only way to sustain the hope of a better world, surely, is for the United Nations to get together now.

Deadwood

That remark applies equally fairly to Washington, Moscow and London. But particularly to London, which because of its central position has an added responsibility.

And London must bestir itself on reconstruction issues.

If Britain is to be rebuilt, then we should now be clearing the deadwood from the sites on which we intend to build. But nothing is being done. As the civic heads of fourteen great towns complained last week, the Government is allowing vested interests to hold up its plans for reconstruction.

Slow Motion

There followed the Commons debate on housing which brought the Government a drubbing from all sides of the House.

Perhaps it was a little hard that Mr. Willink, the Minister of Health, should have been castigated so mercilessly. For Mr. Willink was merely the Government spokesman. Which meant that he was the Government scapegoat.

Cart Before the Horse!

And the Government is putting the cart before the horse. Even the interim housing plan should not be operated without decisions on the Barlow, Uthwatt, and Scott reports to safeguard amenities, the siting of industry, roads, agriculture, and so so. Otherwise there will be the same old sprawling development.

So pitifully, insultingly little is being done to plan the future that Cabinet Members have painted for us in such rosy colours!

Health and the B.M.A.

That "little" includes the proposal for a national health service. Even that is being opposed by vested interests—the medical profession, in this instance.

But one objection lodged by the doctors cannot be dismissed as Diehardism. They suggest that when the new service is established its annual report should be free to criticise the Ministry of Health.

Quite so. The more criticism, the better the service will be. Which applies also to Government policy in general.

(Continued overleaf)

SIN TO WED?

● There are signs of progress.

In future, women teachers who marry will not have to give up their jobs. This is one of the provisions of the new Education Bill.

We have never thought that a married woman must be less fitted to teach the young than a single one. On the contrary!

And we have never been able to understand why officialdom should be so shocked when a girl in a Government Department marries as to sack her on the spot.

Fortunately, the ban on married women Civil Servants has been waived in war time. But it should be ended for all time.

The Civil Service Clerical Association is going to press this demand in a few days' time. It will, we hope, be given a prompt and favourable answer by the Government.

For the Government has readily praised the essential part played by women in this war. It can now point the praise by recognising the rights of women; it must not be allowed to say, when the war is won, "We couldn't have won without you, but now we really can't put up with married women!"

DIED TO SAVE WIFE AND CHILD

When bombs fell recently on a Thames Estuary town, Mr. F. G. Brandon flung himself across his wife and child to save them. Struck in the shoulder by an incendiary bomb, he was so badly injured that he died shortly afterwards.

As Mr. Brandon was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for the benefit provided under our Free Air Raid Insurance has been promptly sent to his widow.

JOHN BULL offers to every civilian reader a Free Air Raid Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, as well as Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE Government is planning to show us some of its good points very soon. A Committee is now working on the problem of demobilisation and we're promised an early report.

One idea seems an excellent one—to give every member of the Forces a sort of ration card marked up on a points system.

The Ideal

The married man would quite properly start off with points on the credit side; so should a man whose education has been interrupted by the fighting. Those who are needed most in the Forces after the war would get "debit" points.

Every man would return to civil life in the order of his points total.

Every man? That is the ideal.

Tighten Up

But: of course, there will be the same old wire-pulling as there was last time. Money and influence will be used. We ask Mr. McCorquodale, who's presiding over the Committee, to see that such rigid rules are worked out that there's the very minimum scope for smart-alecks.

Hitting Back

In the meantime, we've had a letter from a man in uniform—a paratroop—which raises an interesting point.

He says that he and many of his friends joined the Paratroops because they thought that was the best place for getting on with the job of hitting back.

Tax on Valour

They get two shillings a day, and it's "danger money." But the result is that their income tax is all the higher.

So that, in effect, courage is penalised and a tax is set on valour.

What are you to do about it? Perhaps there's some way in which the anomaly can be put right without upsetting the whole principle of tax—which is to take your money according to your income, irrespective of your job or class.

Too Dear to Drink

The statement in the House of Commons that 95 per cent. of the people have piped water has inspired one of the unlucky 5 per cent. to explain why he still depends on a rain tank and filter.

He arranged with a farmer to tap a private pipe. The supply company sent in a reasonable estimate. The man allowed the lawyers who were acting for the landowner to handle his side of the business.

The charges came to more than the cost of laying on the water and they swallowed up what little money he had available.

Watch Out

Not-so-honest watchmakers are having a good time these days. Unlike their customers, who are paying inflated prices, often without getting any time at all in return.

A Blackpool reader was caught the other day when a local jeweller sold him a cheap pin-lever watch in a fairly good gold case. It was what is known in the trade as a "switched watch"—with trashy "works" put into a case bought up for the purpose. The price was £7 10s.

Vinegar Racket

Another racket—worse because it's a danger to health—has spread to such an extent that the authorities should step in.

Non-brewed vinegar is being made and bottled in old sheds and backyard premises. It's nothing but diluted acetic acid with a little colouring matter. Proper vinegar needs skilled processing under decent conditions.

Cost 2¼d.

A correspondent recently bought a bottle of the non-brewed stuff for 11d. A gallon of the acetic acid costs 3s. 9d., and he worked it out that the "vinegar," bottle, cork and label cost 2¼d.

The Ministry of Food is commendably quick to put down fake articles. We'd like them to tackle this little racket.

After the Soldiers

And we'd like the brewers to keep an eye on licensees who have boosted their prices out of all reason. A soldier, back from four years in the Middle East, tells us that he had a shock when he was asked to pay 1s. 6d. last week for a pint of bitter.

It was in a perfectly ordinary hotel. The landlord would have been laughed out of his pub if he'd tried to charge 1s. 6d. before the troops came into his area.

Too Much Tax

While we're talking about prices, let's just say a word in support of the move to reduce the tax on wigs. It sounds a trivial matter in war time, but think of the number of air raid victims who have lost their hair through shock or bomb blast. And think of the number of ex-Servicemen who have come from the fighting with disfiguring head wounds.

There is now a 100 per cent. tax on wigs. It should be less when they are supplied to hospitals, or through Medical Officers.

Off the Road

The country would not lose by a change like that. Nor would it lose if the petrol regulations were re-examined at this stage of the war. And re-examined by someone with a sense of balance instead of a morbid terror of the letter of the law.

For instance.... A tradesman in the Midlands had his petrol allowance cut down so severely that he could not use his car to get to his shop or to deliver goods.

Legal Waste

But this tradesman also happens to be a farmer. He has a tractor of higher horse-power than his car. He would be breaking no regulations if he travelled on his tractor between his home and his shop.

Not that he would. He's more conscious of the need for fuel economy than some of the people who drafted the rules.

On the Roundabout

An N.F.S. man in the London area is no better pleased with the authorities' idea of economy of effort. Because of recent reorganisation he now has to travel twenty-six miles on his leave days. Before, he cycled a couple of miles to his home.

The extra travel costs 5s. 6d. a week. That means more and more N.F.S. forms before he gets the money back—a month after it's been spent.

Red-Tape Again

Yet another choice example of red-tape from a Scottish reader who keeps a garage in Dumfriesshire. He recently filled in a printed form applying for rubber-covered cable for use in connection with his business.

On the back of the form he wrote a reminder that the cable he'd asked for two months before had not turned up.

Rejected

The official who deals with these applications rejected the form, sent another for completion *without any writing on the back.*

Whoever thought paper (or time) was scarce these days?

Quick Work

Let's change the subject to something pleasanter for a moment. Mrs. Tickner, who lives in South-West London, reports that she has received an air mail letter from her son in the Middle East.

It was written on February 22 and received on February 24. That means good work on someone's part. O.K., G.P.O.!

No Loophole

Another word of praise is due to the Ministry of Health and the local authorities in Middlesex for the way in which they tackled the outbreak of smallpox.

A colleague who lives in the area took the trouble to find out what was done. He was staggered at the precautions. Every single contact was traced and examined. Errand-boys who might have called at the hospital were interviewed; tradesmen were checked up on; patients who'd gone home were watched. The whole modern health machine went smoothly into its stride to see that there was no epidemic.

Wasted on Flowers

The Ministry of Agriculture has started its campaign for more part-time farmworkers. We shall need them all right.

But could not some attention be paid to the hundreds of uniformed park keepers who are still kept busy picking up bits of paper or weeding flower beds?

They are over military age. But, as a farm reader points out, they are skilled husbandmen who would be valuable in the fight for food.

Tommy Rot

A member of JOHN BULL's staff, victim of a childhood illness which compels him to walk with the help of sticks, was called on to fire-watch the other day. He sent off medical certificates explaining his position, and was told that he would have to have a medical examination.

In the meantime, he got the usual order to report for fire duties. And with it the usual threats of imprisonment and fines.

Kept at Distance

On several occasions he tried to see someone in authority at the local police hall. A few minutes' conversation would have put the whole matter right and saved everyone's time. But he could not get beyond a girl clerk, who could do nothing.

The warden who delivered the original summons to fireguard duties had also a dozen forms to hand out. The JOHN BULL man was the only one still available. All the rest were either dead or in the Services.

Hurry—

We told our readers recently how the Fleet Air Arm was using those old Victorian playthings called stereoscopes to beat Hitler. They poured their stereoscopes in on us—many of them family treasures people don't normally like to render lightly.

And, knowing their great value and how urgent was the need of them, we gave the work of crating and despatching to a firm skilled in packing scientific instruments.

—And Hold-Up

Now this was a priority load if there is such a thing. Yet for a fortnight it was impossible to get the railway company to collect the consignment—which we hope is not a typical example of British Railways on War Work.

THE WRONG

● The "Salute the Soldier" campaign begins this week-end when London starts the ball rolling. Schoolteachers in other London area seem to have had their enthusiasm get the better of them already.

A mother who has ten children writes to say that her eight-year-old daughter had to stand in front of the school while the headmistress announced that "she was the girl who didn't bring savings."

This mother has £4 14s. 6d. on which to bring up her big family. There's no money for regular war savings.

WE DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S A SOLDIER IN UNIFORM WHO WANTS TO BE "SALUTED" IF IT MEANS HURTING THE SENSITIVE FEELINGS OF AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

SALUTE

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Recent successes against U-boats have been most gratifying, though figures cannot yet be revealed.**

● *Coastal Command's accuracy with depth charges and bombs has become amazing—and new secret devices have played a big part.*

● Don't blame Government for not giving more details about recent air raids here. We know how many German planes get through—and the enemy would like to know the number so as to tell if some turned back before getting to their target.

● **Overcrowding in Austria, caused by evacuees from all over the Reich, is leading to a crisis in Austro-German relations. Nazi Press is pleading for better understanding.**

● *The position of Professor Speer, Hitler's friend and German Armament Minister, is endangered following disorganisation in industry caused by evacuation and bomb damage.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

HAPPY FAMILIES

NO Government inquiry of recent years has brought in more letters to Whitehall and to newspapers than has the Royal Commission on Population.

The nature and extent of this correspondence disprove the Jeremiahs who think there is an increasing tendency to shirk parenthood.

Members of the Commission have so far drawn four conclusions from these letters. They are:

(1) That most of the women writers would like more children;

(2) That a big majority regards a family of four as ideal;

(3) That nineteen out of every twenty one-and-two-child-families have been deliberately limited; and—

(4) That the main causes of the national baby shortage are inadequate housing and insufficient family incomes.

Letters from our readers support these conclusions—and John Bull has always insisted that the only practical way to check a declining birth-rate is to put through social and economic reforms.

Though some 600 local authorities have recently been considering a national publicity campaign, we doubt whether parenthood can ever be popularised by posters.

No government—not even that of Nazi Germany—has achieved big results merely by exhorting the public to have more children.

But any Government which resolutely set out to do so could encourage parenthood by lightening its burdens.

In other words, if we want more British babies, we should begin by taking "the luxury tax" off them and follow that up by guaranteeing proper "care and maintenance."

Preaching parenthood as a duty which citizens owe to the State is useless unless the State fulfils its duty to citizen-parents and their offspring.

"The destiny of our country," says Mr. Churchill, "depends upon an ever-flowing fountain of healthy children *born into what we trust will be a broader society and a less distracted world.*"

True; but if each healthy babe is an asset to the community, it follows that we must *not* allow that babe to be a liability to the parents.

Yet, in some ways, that is what we have allowed babies to become. The architects of our hurry-built civilisation have hitherto failed to make proper provision for the nation's nursery.

And that brings us back to housing.

These islands were dreadfully overcrowded even before the war. Unless the Government uses its building policy upon national needs and speeds up its building programme enormously they will be more overcrowded than ever after the war ends.

More and more landlords, judging by despairing letters to John Bull, are turning away prospective tenants with young children.

This is a social iniquity. In any sanely planned economy parents of children would be given preferential accommodation.

Where there is acute housing shortage, one could justify a refusal to accept childless couples. It is sheer madness to refuse would-be tenants simply because they have contributed priceless assets to the State.

If we want more babies, we must build more municipal houses large enough for fair-sized families to live in.

And we must do our utmost to raise the whole standard of housing throughout the country.

We must fight the increasing tendency to house the people in little boxes, called self-contained flats, which have no room for babies.

And we should do well to make it illegal for any landlord to impose a general ban upon the citizen-babe.

After housing, or with it, comes health. It is an economic and social crime to let "the fountain of healthy children" run to any avoidable waste.

And yet we have done so in the past, and are doing so still to some extent.

In some districts of Scotland at this present time the infantile deathrate is higher than that of Tokio.

According to the report issued by Sir John Boyd Orr's Committee last December, Scotland has the highest infant mortality rate of seventeen countries, including the Dominions, the United States, and all countries in Western Europe except Spain and Portugal.

Why? Because "in Scotland the proportion of people living in poverty and the percentage of overcrowding is six times as great as in England and Wales."

The Boyd Orr Committee estimates that if Scottish babies were given the same chances of survival as Dutch babies—Holland has the lowest infant mortality rate in the world—we should save more than 5,000 infant lives a year.

But the only way to do that is to provide better housing, enough of the right kind of food for every family, improved and extended child welfare services, better instruction about infant feeding, more well-planned maternity hospitals, and better training for students and family doctors in child health and nutrition.

This general advice for Scotland applies to the whole country. There is in the British Isles a shortage of qualified midwives—and this shortage has got to be ended if we mean to save infant lives.

It *is* a national disgrace that our expectant mothers are not, automatically, regarded as valuable citizens deserving the utmost care over the whole period of their "contribution to the State."

This country urgently needs a national health service that will make the finest possible medical attention available to its poorest citizens.

And one which will recognise the true value of motherhood to the State!

Next, there is the economic question. No man or woman should have to make sacrifices in order to raise a family.

John Bull has been a strong advocate of "family allowances" ever since they were first suggested. To-day we give our full support to any national scheme calculated to put parenthood on an economic level with celibacy.

We advocate a social system such as will cease to penalise fathers and mothers. We insist that none of our citizens should suffer economic hardship merely because they have children.

To this end the present Income Tax laws should be adjusted. Allowances for children should be increased to such a point as would totally remove the revenue tax on offspring.

At present, the taxpayer who is either childless or who has a family of only one or two children gets off proportionately more lightly than the parents of a large family.

In broad principle, we back the Beveridge Plan for Social Security. We believe in a policy of work for all with State insurance for all who cannot work.

And, realising the advantages to the State of early marriage and youthful parenthood, we oppose all trade and technical restrictions upon marriage until a given income has been reached.

For men and women of this generation will not bring babies into the world at the State's behest.

They demand—and rightly demand—some assurance that their children shall have decent homes to live in, proper food to eat, a fair, competitive chance to educate themselves, *and* a fair medico-economic survival rate.

This is the essence of the population problem. Fifty Government inquiries could not change it.

Ploesti—A Key To Victory

THE Red Army has bridged the Bug and reached the Dneister.

Do you know what that means?

It is not just the case of more river battles in Southern Russia. After all, the Russians have crossed the Don, the Doenetz and the Dnieper, and these were much more formidable obstacles than the Bug.

But that they have crossed the Bug means something which Hitler has been desperately trying to avoid, or to delay, almost at any price.

His orders to Von Manstein to hold out in the Dnieper Bend around Krivoi Rog and Nikopol, while the spearheads of the Red Army were already advancing deep into Volhynia, some 450 miles farther west, sounded completely crazy.

It has been suggested that the Germans were clinging to the manganese of Nikopol and to the iron-ore of Krivoi Rog. But this did not play the main part in Hitler's instructions.

Besides, there were no valuable mines around Kanev and Korsun—where he allowed ten divisions to be encircled and ordered them to hold out till complete annihilation—a minor Stalingrad.

What was the reason for this fantastic, almost insane strategy?

It was Rumania!

Throughout the winter, Hitler was obsessed by the idea that Rumania might become another Italy.

So his order to Von Manstein was: "Save time at any price!"

Manstein has gained a few weeks. But the price he paid in men and material has been far too high.

For the Russians are now across the Bug. And Manstein, who by retreating three months ago might have been able to establish his forces solidly behind the Bug, with a second firm line behind the Dniester and a third line behind the Prut, now has only an exhausted army, whose huge losses had to be hastily filled with second-rate reserves.

And already the Red Army has reached the Dniester, pre-1940 frontier between Russia and Rumania. Its course on the map looks like the recording of an earthquake by a seismograph. There are hundreds of short bends along hundreds of miles. It is hardly any defence line at all, certainly not against an army which has managed to cross the much wider Dnieper.

Then, another fifty or sixty miles to go, across the flat land of Bessarabia, and the Russians will have reached the narrower river Prut, the frontier of Rumania proper, and the vast plains of Moldavia and Wallachia will lay open to them.

Who will defend them? Certainly not the Rumanians.

Their losses were so high in the first eighteen months of the war—especially at Stalingrad, where they formed a substantial part of Paulus' annihilated Sixth Army—that Hitler had to give way to Antonesco's demand that they should be withdrawn from the front line, except for a few token regiments.

Whether Antonesco manages to get out of the war, or some puppet successor will be enthroned by the *Gestapo* in Bucharest, will not make much difference to Hitler. Except that he will have to divert more S.S divisions to Rumania in order to take full control of that country—another heavy liability at this stage of the war!

But defend Rumania he *must*, at least the southern part of it.

Because there lies Ploesti, with the rich Rumanian oilfields from which Germany draws more than half of the petrol which she needs for the prosecution of the war.

Without Ploesti, Hitler may just as well board a U-boat and try to reach Japan, or blow out his brains straight away.

Maybe one of the decisive final battles of the war will be fought in the plains of Rumania early this summer. . . .

VICTOR SCHIFF.

Adventure Is For All Ages

I DON'T know what proportion of working people can look forward without care to the end of their industrial or commercial tether. Teachers, bank officials and Civil Servants and other pensionable classes have security of tenure not only in their jobs but in their old age.

Apart from these, and the few successful men who have been able to lay aside a considerable part of their income for their support in retirement, not one man or woman in many thousands can hope to save enough to live on when the wage packet ceases or the salary cheque is no more.

Mr Maxton, for instance, who for 22 years has represented Bridgeton in the Commons, confesses that he has made no adequate provision against the end of his political career.

Yet he tackles the problem in a light-hearted manner. "I can sometimes visualise myself," he told the House, "standing on the kerbstone playing a musical instrument—with reasonable competence—with a view to ensuring for myself a modest income."

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

Maxton's vision brings me new hope.

★ ★ ★

Once upon a time when the world was being made fit for our heroes to live in and my memories of standing guard on the banks of the dark, flowing Rhine were rapidly fading, I came across a man playing a flute in Princes Street, Edinburgh.

His dirgeful notes annoyed me. A flute, properly played, can give music as sweet as any in the world. Anyhow, for nearly 20 minutes I stood in the shadow of the Scott Memorial and blew lustily away on the flute. In that time I collected about 9s. 6d. in the man's shabby cap; and he went on his way, rejoicing, probably to the nearest tavern for a "half-and-half."

I am not suggesting that this exploit proves my ability to earn some 30s. an hour by tootling on a flute.

Maybe I found the people of Edinburgh in rare, generous mood; or maybe the sight of a well-dressed youngster "playing for the price of a bed" moved the dour Scots hearts to compassion.

★ ★ ★

My flute, my fife and my piccolo are still kicking around somewhere.

In view of Mr. Maxton's confession, I shall have to rescue them from their hiding-places, sweeten their "innards" with oil and loosen up the keys with fingers which have become stiff through lack of practice.

Perhaps I shall never recapture that impish mood which prompted me to set merry fingers straying along the flute in stately Princes Street. For such moods of gaiety come, alas, too seldom; and when they die the world seems dreary.

But who knows?

Maybe I shall end as a busker rival to Mr. Maxton, ex-pressman against ex-politician, each trying to wheedle money out of the public with music instead of with pen or oratory.

For age, as well as youth, has its adventures. And the adventures of age, provided poverty is kept in the distant shadows, can be as exciting as any that come to the young.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE,
University College, Oxford

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Since the publication nearly a year ago of your big social security programme, much troubled water has flown under the political bridges, gently sapping at their unstable foundation.

Millions of words, spoken and written, have aroused in the minds of the people alternate hope and despair of what the concrete outcome of your plan will be.

The Government, through Mr. Willink, Minister of Health, tried to belittle your scheme by declaring that the proposals were "harsh for widows and not good enough for old-age pensioners." Your retort was a masterpiece of satire and gentle raillery: "I have no objection to anyone really improving my proposals," you said. "I regard them as a minimum. I have no objection in the world to the Government finding more money for widows, or for old-age pensioners, provided that they don't cut down on children, or medical service, or the clearance of slums."

All along, ever since your report was published, I have expressed the conviction that its proposals must be regarded as a minimum and not a millennium.

Like you, I want to see the abolition of want, ignorance, squalor, and preventable disease.

You stressed at the time that the adoption of your plans in full would not satisfy you. You regarded them as starting points in the march onward to a better-fed, better-housed, healthier, happier nation.

Before that grand ambition is realised there will be many more battles to fight; and not the least of them will be to counter such vote-catching statements as that of Mr. Willink.

Beveridge is the beginning—an earnest of the nation's needs

Up to now we have seen only skirmishes. The major conflicts between the Reformers and the Diehards have yet to come.

Throughout the struggle the country must not forget the one clear issue—that the Beveridge Plan is the beginning and not the end; that it is only an earnest of the nation's needs; and that unless it is implemented and improved upon much of the sacrifice and bloodshed of the present war will have been in vain.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW,
Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts.

DEAR MR. SHAW,—When someone stupidly reported that, meeting General Montgomery, you had told him how to win the war, you came back with a typical Shavian retort: "I don't know how this war is going to be won. I don't think anyone knows. I don't think even General Montgomery knows how it will be won."

This admission of ignorance will shatter the illusion of those who believe in your omniscience. But it will please people like myself, whose only conviction is that the war *will* be won; and whose knowledge of how it will be won isn't worth a bad pfennig-piece.

It is on record that Foch and Haig, in the autumn of 1918, were preparing for a victory offensive in the Spring of 1919 when the German home front and the German army collapsed.

This lesson is apparently unheeded.

Amateur strategists talk of the coming Allied assault as though Eisenhower were daily imploring their advice. Military experts—what a sickener we've had of them in the last four years!—discuss tactics and invasion strategy.

It is refreshing to find truth in this flood of ignorant speculation. It is doubly refreshing when it comes from a man like you whose views on nearly every topic under the sun are assertive and dogmatic.

I don't suppose your admission will have the slightest effect on the "so-called" experts. And I don't imagine for a second that a quotation* from Marco Guazzo will help to still their idle and non-informed views. But we can try.—JOHN BULL.

* *"He knoweth enough that knoweth nothing, if he know how to hold his peace."*

Sir OSWALD MOSLEY,
Ex-British Fascist Leader

DEAR MOSLEY,—I am glad you have bought Crux Easton House, with its eleven bedrooms, its eight acres of ground, and its lovely views across the English countryside.

I am glad, too, that you have been able to spend between £5,000 and £7,000 on acquiring this new retreat from the inhospitable blasts of those who objected to your pale imitation of Fascism.

Perhaps you wonder why I, of all people, should be glad. Let me explain before you are deluded into thinking that you have found a new champion.

I regard you at liberty as the finest living tribute to our democratic way of life. Even as we approach the greatest battle in our history to decide our right to continue along that way, you are able to buy a country mansion.

I regard the fact that you are, despite your views, still a wealthy man as another indication of the greatness of this country.

I regard every stone of Crux Easton as a monument to the tolerance, decency and incredible good will (I can think of no more apposite word) which animate the great democracy you despised. Here, indeed, are "sermons in stones."—JOHN BULL.

Dr. H. W. FLOREY,
Oxford Professor of Pathology

DEAR DR. FLOREY,—Many stories h[ave] reached me of the wonderful curat[ive] and healing properties of penicillin, t[he] "wonder drug," which has stepped [up] research activities in all parts of t[he] world, including enemy countries.

But the most wonderful, and, in [a] way, pathetic, story is that the grant [of] a paltry £320 led to the development [of] the drug.

The fact is comic, laughable. E[ven]day the United Nations are devot[ing] some scores of millions of pounds to t[he] task of destroying the Axis. Every [...] disease, and the incidence of disease [...] to starvation, grows. There is no r[e]prieve for the conquered peoples u[ntil] the flags of the Allied Nations w[ave] freely over freed lands.

Some day you and the scientists [who] are working, war or no war, in the [in]terests of humanity will reap their r[e]ward. It won't be in terms of m[one]You know that. So do I. But y[ou] still carry on. Thanks.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. TOM JOHNSTON,
Secretary for Scotland

DEAR MR. JOHNSTON.—Not for the f[irst] time, I commend a move from your [De]partment. On this occasion it is act[ion] against landlords demanding exorbit[ant] rents for furnished premises.

You have selected Ayrshire, with [its] war-swollen population, for the fixing [of] a tribunal which will decide reasona[ble] rents for furnished rooms. You [will] under an Act of Parliament, full po[wer] to such tribunals you care to set up.

Once Manchester used to boast [of] giving a lead to the country. Eng[land] to-day is riddled by the room exploi[ter]especially those who prey on Americ[an] and Canadian officers.

In certain towns the furnished r[oom] ramp is becoming intolerable. Ye[t] goes on, creating bitterness, and pro[vok]ing a hostility which should never h[ave] been possible.

Why, in London young officers [are] asked to pay up to five guineas a w[eek] for a furnished room. A furnished [room] is described as a "bargain" at fi[ve] guineas. And, throughout Brit[ain] wives who want to be near their Serv[ice] men husbands are exploited [and] victimised.

Let's hope that England will follo[w] the steps of Scotland. It won't be [the] first time.—JOHN BULL.

Sir BERNARD LOMAS-WALK[ER]
Registrar, Diocese of Ripon

DEAR SIR,—I'll wager that you [were] surprised when Harrogate Town Co[uncil] turned down your suggestion that [it] should be voted to restore that fa[mous] spa's gardens and herbaceous bord[ers].

Why, the Stray used to be one o[f] loveliest of all England's inland pro[me]ades! Around it were the leisured [class] of England, living in expensive l[uxury] taking the "waters," and suffering [from] more imaginary maladies than ev[en] French dramatist dreamed of.

And someone of sense suggested [that] vegetables were more important [than] flowers.

And Harrogate Council agreed.

And, for once, I agree with Har[rogate].

"No flowers for Sir Bernard" [is] good a title for a best-seller as a[ny] title I know.—JOHN BULL.

The Quality of Mercy

While the Seas Endure—3

By FRANK S. STUART

The gale had sheathed the ship with an enormous tonnage of ice

A CONVOY was clawing its way through an Arctic storm.

Grey waves bearing frozen scum raced from horizon to leaden horizon before a wind that pinched the marrow in the bones. The ships were heeled over not to leeward but to windward.

For the gale, piling the icy seas, had sheathed them with an enormous tonnage of ice on the weather side. The ice took grotesque shapes.

German weather!

On the outskirts of the crowd of ships, anxious and lean as a collie dog, a destroyer shepherded them along.

Between this destroyer and another escort ship, signals flittered intermittently, with a queer sense of breathless urgency.

The escort ship was in trouble. Bad trouble, so that the destroyer's signaller whistled a soundless whistle of dismay between blue and shrivelled lips.

Presently, a small knot of officers stared at one another, with the message-slip between them.

Desperate Gamble

"I can't take the risk of sending a boat away in this weather," the destroyer skipper said finally.

Surgeon-Lieutenant M. J. Hood stared at his palms in a characteristic way. "We ought to do something, sir," he said. "They've eighty-one wounded men aboard. I have an idea, if you think it can be worked."

The others listened to him expounding it, and their hard-bitten faces grew incredulous. Only the skipper made no sign of assent or dissent.

"It's the only alternative, sir," Hood urged. "If we could run close alongside her, I could jump for it."

In silence, save for the piping of the bitter wind, they stared around at the sea.

With that wind, and the big swell that was running, it was doubtful whether even the most daring seamanship could keep the two vessels close for more than three or four seconds.

No one could anticipate what would happen then.

"If you fail, we can't pick you up. And both decks are sheathed in ice."

Hood nodded. His anxious look gave way to a slow smile.

Aboard the two ships they prepared for one of the most desperate gambles man has ever made. The vessels tossed like corks as they slowly drew together.

Men with axes sent grey chips of ice flying 10 ft. high, as they tried to roughen out a grip for the jumping doctor's feet.

The captains of the ships stood each on his bridge, with intent faces set as if carved in teak.

"—Like Nelson's Time"

Each knew that the slightest slip, the faintest fraction of a second's mistiming, would mean a collision that would tear the vitals out of one vessel, or both.

Seamen, mufflered and mittened, waited with fenders to drop between the two tall steel sides. Others held lines, lifebelts.

Others just watched.

The rest of the convoy doggedly battered its way along; but from every ship came the tiny flash of field-glass lenses turned to watch the death-jump.

The man who was to make it stood quietly at the side, biding his time: just a middle-aged doctor, a Volunteer Reservist.

Gripping the ice-sheathed rail, his feet rubbing to and fro on the iced-over deck like a boxer waiting for the gong to go, his shoulders slightly forward, poised. . . .

Knowing that in five seconds he might be dead, smashed like a fly between grinding iron plates in an icy sea, or swept away on a wave without hope of a boat to help him.

Sailing up on top of a swell, the ships draw together, nearer, so close that there are only inches between the painted sides—a wave tries to crash them together, lifts one, drops the other far below—suddenly tears them savagely apart. . . .

Between the two flies a tiny black figure without wings, a case of instruments flies after him. Grizzled seamen had to turn their heads away; then spun back, mahogany faces cracking into sun-lit laughter, yells, incoherent cheering!

"By God, he's done it!"

Sprawling on the roughened ice on all fours, Hood is grabbed up and beaten on the back and met with shining eyes, for here is a man come among men in a man's way.

"I'll do my best for your people," he says, "but this isn't very good weather for ops., I'm afraid. Many badly hurt?"

Already the destroyer he left has gone off, lying down to it, to regain station. The convoy ship hurries after, back to her place.

Hood went below, looking round keenly for a place that might be turned into an operating theatre.

No white lighting here, no silent assistants and nurses, no apparatus, no plasma, no hoods and masks and sets of gleaming instruments all laid out in place; only the sharply suppressed groans and grunts of men who would have died but for that leap of his, men who may die yet unless superhuman things can be done for them.

"This table—scrub it."

It was the table of the seamen's mess-deck.

As quietly and swiftly as in the theatre of some great hospital, Hood prepared his instruments, laid out swabs, looked over his inadequate anæsthetics.

"A bit like Nelson's time, but we'll make a job of them somehow."

They brought the men to him, one by one. Grey-faced men with terrible hurts, but men of the Nelson breed, most of them with a twisted jest, one and another with an embarrassed mutter of "Thanks for coming, Doc," that meant a world of things.

The weather was getting worse.

The ship was pitching and rolling like a cork. Not very good conditions, you would say, for work with razor-keen surgeon's knives, going within a hair's-breadth of brain or heart.

"You two men," Hood said, "You'd better hold me steady. Yes—one there, one on the arm—so. A bit lower, please. Don't be afraid of hurting me. And don't be squeamish—turn your heads away if you like, but remember that a life may depend on the steadiness of your grip. Ah—now. . . ."

Thirty Hours

In the makeshift light of that night-marish operating theatre, with its walls and roof and floor dancing a hornpipe, the table going up and down, and the surgeon and his patient held by tattooed hands, the fight with death went steadily on.

The hours passed.

Outside, it was night, and the ships pitched and leapt after one another, the tiny navigation lights of the war time seas showing in blurred pinpricks amidst squalls of snowy rain and spindrift laced with ice.

By and by, the frozen dawn showed palely. Still, Hood was working away over the messroom table.

Seamen swabbed up blood, held bandages, supported limbs, watched while stitches passed through shrinking flesh.

For over thirty hours the dark, quick man worked on without pause.

Eighty-one wounded; and presently the last of them was bandaged, soothed and carried gently away to a bunk.

He Finished the Job

Hood tried to straighten his back.

"I think I must be getting old," he said; and yawned.

Thirty hours of surgery and doctoring under conditions that have never been equalled, after a jump from one leaping, ice-sheathed ship in a gale to another.

Not to win glory in some thrilling forlorn hope, not to kill—but to save.

They gave him the Distinguished Service Cross.

But I expect he got a big part of his reward when those broken, grey-lipped men on the operating table muttered while avoiding his eyes: "Thanks for coming, Doc."

WHERE IS MY WANDERING 'BUS TO-NIGHT?

I KNOW this sounds an impossible story. But so many things that sound impossible are happening in the world to-day.

This particular example is taking place in Washington, though to understand it properly you must imagine it happening in your own town.

You are waiting patiently at that 'bus stop in the middle of the High Street, watching for the 'bus to appear at the far end.

Which makes it something of a shock when the 'bus suddenly emerges from a side-turning a few yards away from you.

You wonder if it was the war time lunch you've just had—or hallucinations?

★ ★ ★

Anyway, you climb on board, and for a time the 'bus behaves itself, keeping to its scheduled route.

Heavy rain begins to fall, and you look forward with dismay to the long walk up Elm Tree Avenue.

But all thoughts of Elm Tree Avenue are put out of your head when the 'bus turns right, instead of left, at the clock tower, or wanders around several side streets, with odd stops here and there, before returning to its legitimate route once more.

★ ★ ★

Before you have recovered from this divagation, the driver glances over his shoulder and calls out: "Any passengers for Elm Tree Avenue?"

You feel self-conscious until you see Mrs. Robinson hold up her hand, then you hold up yours, and several others do the same. It is still raining, and somebody leans over and whispers an explanation in your ear.

You nod, and as the 'bus swooshes its way along the wet surface of Elm Tree Avenue, you walk up the gangway and, at the psychological moment, tap the driver on the shoulder.

He stops, and you step off at your own gate!

Now this is just one of the things that are happening to war time transport in Washington.

Drivers are in such short supply that the ones operating are able to display their natural kindliness like this without getting the sack for it.

And are they popular with the passengers!

Some drivers go as much as three or four blocks off their routes in sudden showers to save passengers a wetting.

One of them has been known, on a rainy night, to make as many as ten unscheduled stops to drop passengers at their own doors.

★ ★ ★

Another even went five blocks astray to set down his fiancée at her home, and, having done so, planted a tender good-night kiss on her lips in full view of the cheering busload!

What did you say? It can't happen here?

Maybe you're right.

But what a pity. It *would* add a little variety to the war time round!

PATRICK SPENCER.

He Served Them Steak and Onions!

By B. L. JACOT

THIS is the story of a steak. No ordinary steak, this, but a prime Scottish sirloin, nearly 2 in. thick and as long as your forearm.

You've never seen such a steak.

It came up with special rations for the Sunderland crews at an Australian station somewhere in Great Britain, and the moment Flight-Sergeant A. J. Spence, who comes from Muttaburra, Queensland, saw it, he licked his lips.

Anticipation

The Flight-Sergeant is no mean cook. The nose-gunner of the Sunderland U-for-Uncle, he doubles the rôle of cook on the long vigils out over the Atlantic. These huge flying-boats that day in and day out carry on the work of keeping the U-boats under are elegantly fitted with a galley and bunks.

The crews are well fed while they are aloft.

But this steak, now, was clearly something special. The Flight-Sergeant passed the word round as the R.A.A.F. crew made their way out in the launch to board U-for-Uncle.

"Boys!" he promised, "what a steak I've got for you this trip! Two inches thick, and tender as a woman's heart!"

"I'll take Spam," the Captain said. The last two letters to his girl remained unanswered.

"No kidding! It's a beaut! Steak and chips—eh?"

"Good-Oh!" agreed the rest of the crew.

So the steak went aboard with the rest of the rations for the trip. It lay between two plates by the side of the stove in the galley, and the Sunderland ploughed her way through the gentle swell, and, pulling unstuck, turned her nose out towards the Atlantic.

The hours passed with the grey spread of the Atlantic beneath their wings. From time to time the Australian Flight-Sergeant flicked his switch and spoke into the intercom from his position right forward in the nose—maintaining *morale*.

"Boys!" he would announce. "Two inches thick! Juicy steak. Ninety-seven minutes to go."

And later: "Chaps! Only fifty-seven minutes. Who wants it rare and juicy? Anyone for browning it just a shade crisper? Goes better with the onions that way."

Something Cooking

With twenty-five minutes to go, Flight-Sergeant Spence had worked the crew up into a gastronomical near-riot.

At the appointed moment (appointed by the High Priest Spence) he left his post in the nose of the great ship and made his way to the galley. From tail-gunner to astrodrome word went round the ship: "*Spence is cooking the steak!*"

The crew of U-for-Uncle licked their lips. Steak and chips, with French beans and tender American corn!

The Sunderland droned on over the wastes. The evening sun shone from a cloudy sky over the oddly geometric pattern of the waves far below. The sizzling in the galley below deck began to send a delicious smell of fried onions drifting through the ship.

The second pilot, sweeping the seas ahead through his binoculars, was debating with himself—so he reported—on the point whether he would take tomato ketchup or horseradish sauce, when an odd line in the pattern below attracted his attention.

He stiffened as he watched. "That looks like a wake, Skipper!" he suddenly said. "Out on the starboard bow."

A Sunderland and steak go together over the Atlantic

Interruption

The Captain followed his jerked forearm with his binoculars. For a moment he was tense, then: "By golly! You're right!" he said. "*Action stations!*"

In a flash the crew was in position to attack.

"The crew drill was so good," the Captain stated, "there was no need for me to press the alarm button. Every man was on the job as soon as I had got into the pilot's seat and taken over the controls."

The Sunderland made a steep turn, manœuvring without a split second's delay into the perfect position for attack.

The gunners were on their toes waiting for the word, the armourer standing ready by his bombs, the wireless operator on the intercom.

Flight-Sergeant Spence — a moment ago, cook—was back in the nose at his guns. The stoves were out; the food, the pans, the dishes swept away. The galley deserted.

No one noticed the lingering, delicious smell now as the Sunderland dived out of the sun intent on her kill, her four great engines roaring, her crew with trigger-fingers itching.

Flying-Officer G. E. Rowe, of Mosman, New South Wales (leader of the rare-and-juicy faction), said: "Except for the Captain, who knew it all backwards, none of us had seen a U-boat before. It was a U-boat all right. We were very tense and excited. The Captain was as calm as an old war-horse. He never even looked like doing anything except exactly the right thing. He straddled the U-boat and sank it."

The Third Pilot, Flying-Officer W. R. McPharlin, of Claremont, Western Australia, said: "I remember shouting to the Captain as the U-boat's nose turned up: 'For God's sake lift the floats so I can see him to get my pictures.'"

McPharlin got his pictures in very difficult circumstances—photographs of the kill important to the Admiralty.

The U-boat pushed her nose high, then slid back slowly under the sea with German sailors piling out of her conning-tower. As the Sunderland swept back, McPharlin tried to get pictures of the forty survivors seen swimming in the water, but he had used up all his film.

"We were so thrilled," Rowe said, "we were like kids. But the Captain settled us down. He told us to write our reports and we did."

The crew had finished their writing when suddenly the W/O came through on the intercom. "Hey, fellows!" he said. "The steak!"

In the excitement everyone had forgotten it. Now the hunger of the crew was redoubled.

"Spence, old boy," the Captain ordered, "back to the galley. Pronto."

"Okay," said Spence.

He pulled himself out of the nose and made his way back to the galley. In two minutes he brought consternation to his fellows.

"Chaps! The steak's gone. Disappeared."

"Look for it, you cow!"

"Skip! I think it went overboard when you flung the old lady around."

Gloom settled over U-for-Uncle.

"Never mind, you fellers," the Skipper said. "Soon be home now. Keep smiling."

For a while U-for-Uncle ploughed home across the darkening skies. Then a voice came over the intercom from the galley. "Okay! Come and get it!. Your steak's ready, chaps!"

It was. Juicy and tender. With banks of browned onions, and French beans, and golden corn. Tomato ketchup. Horseradish.

That was a meal to remember. Never was there such a steak.

"Finest Meal"

When the plates were polished clean with the last crust of bread, the Flight-Sergeant collected approving eyes. "All right, chaps?"

"Spencey, old boy—you're a ruddy wizard!"

"Something to dream about, Spencey, Old Timer!"

"Perfect!" said the tail-gunner. "Finest meal I've ever eaten."

Spence nodded. "Where d'you think I found that steak?" he asked genially. "In the bilges. I had to dig it up with a piece of stiff wire I use for unstopping the sink. But," he added, "I washed it as well as I could in some cold tea."

For a while a thoughtful silence held the crew of U-for-Uncle.

"Well," the tail-gunner said at length, "it was a grand steak, anyway. . . ."

Blot

We can make Hitler's last gamble fail over the English Channel. And we shall!

GERMANY is between the hammer and the anvil. The strategy agreed on at Teheran is now in full blast, and the world looks on at a spectacle as stupendous as it is inexorable.

It sees the design for Victory emerging with a relentless might and a coherence of action that leave little to chance.

The timing of each stroke is perfectly calculated, and each limb of the vice that has Germany in its grip tightens its hold according to the Teheran strategy.

The two main features of that strategy are indicated in what we may call the Battle of the Rivers and the Battle of Germany.

The one has for its object the destruction of the German Army. The other has for its object the destruction of German power.

We must see these two objects in relation to each other to appreciate the Teheran plan.

* * *

How gloriously Russia is fulfilling her share of the plan, we know. For a thousand miles, from the Volga to the Don, from the Don to the Dnieper, from the Dnieper to the Bug, she has rolled back Hitler's hordes almost to the place from whence they came.

She has shattered the German war machine and paralysed the German strategy. She has broken the German Army into fragments and brought it to the brink of panic.

Her triumphant hosts are almost at the Balkan backdoor to Hitler's fortress, the entry of which will prelude the end.

For once the Red Army is there the gateway of the Danube will be lost to Germany, and Hitler's only natural supply of liquid fuel will have dried up.

But these triumphs do not stand alone. We must see them against the background of the Battle of Germany.

If Hitler had only Stalin to reckon with he might still hope to build up a defensive line that would stem the torrent. With his great industrial resources he might still rebuild his shattered war machine.

* * *

But this hope is denied him. It is denied him by that other phase of the Teheran strategy which is blasting his power-house.

The Battle of Germany, timed to reach its maximum on the eve of invasion, and to the moment when Hitler's defeat in Russia is approaching a rout, has two motives.

It aims at sweeping the Luftwaffe out of the skies, and preventing it ever getting back again. It aims also at such a destruction of the power-house of Germany that her total war machine will be permanently disabled.

Among all the major blunders of Hitler none has been more fatal than his conception of the function of air power. He conceived of it as an instrument of terror, not as an instrument of strategic warfare.

His aim was indiscriminate massacre. Even when the *Luftwaffe* was supreme in the sky, it was never employed to destroy the enemy's war potential.

We have been wiser. Our policy has been, not only to knock the *Luftwaffe* out of the skies, but to destroy the nests where they are hatched.

Out The Luftwaffe

By A. G. Gardiner

This has been done with a scientific thoroughness beyond all praise. Day and night, on an ever-increasing scale, our bombers have gone out to destroy definite military objects.

* * *

To-day we are not only masters of the skies. We have established as powerful a stranglehold on the enemy in the air as we have at sea. Through it we have changed the whole current of the war.

It was the enemy's failure in the air that enabled us to sweep through Africa, and has contributed to the astonishing triumphs in Russia. Above all, it is the scientific application of air power to the destruction of the enemy's war potential that is speeding the end.

Take the carefully planned attacks on the ball-bearing plants as an example. Or the ceaseless blasting of locomotives and locomotive works. These things are playing havoc with Germany's capacity to recover.

* * *

Now, with the crisis of invasion approaching, Hitler is in desperate straits. Whatever front goes short, he cannot surrender the sky over the English Channel.

He is conserving his *Luftwaffe* as the miser hoards his gold.

He is sacrificing his cities rather than lose his planes. Day and night the Lancasters and Fortresses trail their challenge over Germany, not infrequently without luring the enemy into the sky.

We must not assume from this that Germany has not a formidable reserve for the great occasion that is coming. Rather, we should assume the reverse.

But whatever Hitler's reserve, our supremacy in the air is overwhelming, and it cannot be used to better purpose than in blasting German productive power.

Every factory we destroy, every locomotive we wreck, every fuel dump we blow up, every power plant we put out of action, is a stroke for victory on all fronts.

And not least on the sky front. If the *Luftwaffe* cannot be lured to battle in the sky they must be destroyed in their nests on the ground, in the hangars, on the runways, in the making.

At all costs the *Luftwaffe* must be driven out of the sky before the invasion. That is what the Battle over Germany is about.

It is the overture to the Battle over the Channel. It is a battle for the possession of the sky as the first condition of successful invasion.

* * *

Hitler knows this, and it explains the concentration of the *Luftwaffe* at home and the resolute policy of conserving it for a specific purpose.

He is on the horns of the biggest dilemma a man could be impaled on. He has a major war on two fronts, and lesser wars on more fronts. He has to make up his mind which front he will give priority to.

If he consulted his people, they would certainly declare for the Russian front, for they fear a Russian invasion more than an Anglo-American invasion.

But he does not consult his people. He consults only his own "intuitions," and everything indicates that he will gamble in the West rather than in the East.

He can hope for nothing in the East now, except a strictly defensive struggle waged with the minimum of strength.

But the invasion from the West offers the one chance left of a dramatic victory, a victory, too, over the enemy he most hates, the enemy who robbed him of his blitzkrieg.

With such a victory, his political cunning could make great play. He would certainly prolong the war.

He might, he thinks, even switch it into a new channel. He might make it a war of Europe against Russia.

We must see that his last gamble, like his first, fails over the English Channel. And the first condition of that failure is that we should obliterate the *Luftwaffe*.

We can do it. We are doing it. And I think we shall finish the job.

Russia has "broken the German army into fragments"—and here are some of the mud-marooned fragments waiting to surrender

Deutschland Without Berlin Is Doomed

They marvelled when Berlin was first raided. Now they know its fate

LET us try to draw up a cold and methodical estimate of the effect of Berlin's destruction on Germany's capacity to wage war.

Ever since he came to power, Hitler has deliberately concentrated the administration of Germany in Berlin. It was his idea of symbolising the unity of the German Reich.

You could not buy a nail in Munich without Berlin's approval. Koenigsberg, in East Prussia, had to appeal to Berlin if it wanted a few new cottages.

The Nazi Party machinery, controlling all Germany, relied on its generating power on Berlin.

In short, the vast administration of the most bureaucratic state in the world revolved around Berlin.

Businessmen travelled there to get new contracts, materials, credits; politicians and Nazi Party members queued up there for assistance, promotion, funds.

★ ★ ★

Now there are definite reports that all these pilgrims to Berlin are lost; they do not know where to go.

The dispersal of industrial headquarters, of government offices, of the Party machine, has created chaos which reverberated in every German province.

Without Berlin's drive and energy the wheels of Vienna, Munich and Breslau are slowing down. The tight reins of discipline which were held in Berlin are loosening. Even the grip of the *Gestapo* relaxes as its chiefs look for new headquarters!

And these tremendous political repercussions are equalled by the psychological consequences.

Germans all over the Reich had been taught to look to Berlin as Hitler's town. But if Hitler was unable to save Berlin, what hope can he have of saving Germany?

Berlin's fate, furthermore, is the fate of more than four million people.

They are related, friendly or acquainted with at least three times the number of Germans in other parts. Almost a quarter of the original population of Germany feels the impact of the bombs of Berlin.

Industrially, Berlin was second in importance only to the Ruhr.

True, there are other large industrial areas in Germany, but Berlin housed a highly specialised key-industry and whole districts such as Siemensstadt were turned into production centres.

The vital optical industry was centred in Berlin. The administrative offices of the chemical industry were in Berlin.

Berlin produced aero-engines, precision tools, small arms, uniforms, motor-cars, wireless equipment. It housed large assembly plants to which semi-finished produce from many parts of Germany was directed.

The destruction of these centres affects at least 20 per cent. of all German industry.

Even if it does not completely cut out production to that extent, its loss cannot be replaced before many months elapse—and this takes no account of bomb damage elsewhere and its accumulative effect

Much has been done, it is true, to relieve Berlin as a congested transport centre. Parallel railways and roads have been built from north to south and from west to east.

But the coming phase of the war presented the leaders of Germany with the problem of finding additional transport routes. Now, instead, they have lost a transport nerve centre.

The consequent strain on the whole transport system must affect forthcoming military operations — perhaps decisively.

It will take four to five years and 100,000 workers to clear the *débris* in Hamburg alone. Yet the damage to Hamburg is but a quarter of that done to Berlin.

★ ★ ★

While the war lasts, no attempt can be made to undo it. The fate of Berlin is sealed; one of the greatest battles of war has been won, and it is impossible for the enemy to recover from that blow.

Germany without Berlin is doomed to early death. **WILLI FRISCHAUER.**

Short Story By Hedley Barker

Untold Gold—

—and John James Gorby learnt that gold is where you find it

At twelve years old John James Gorby was an industrious seeker after knowledge

NO conkers for John James, no fishing for sticklebacks, no marbles on the hot pavement at the fall of a summer's day. At twelve years old John James Gorby was an industrious seeker after knowledge.

Gold was his subject, and the far spaces of the Klondike coloured his dreams.

At fourteen he had a pretty good grasp of the prospector's profession. What he didn't know about pay-dirt, alluvial deposits, and the panning process was not to be found in books.

Gold for gold's sake at first—that was how it was with John James. The tawny redness, the sheen, the magic of it. But as he grew up he began to see beyond the gold to the power.

Yachts, and motor-cars, and special trains, and people running at his beck and call. To strike it rich—that was the prime necessity. Millionaires had been made overnight. No figment of the novelist's fancy this: John James had the hard facts tabulated in a little book.

"What?" said his father, "a gold-prospector? You'll have to think of something better than that, lad. A hard life. No better than a tramp's. Now just you go away and think it over."

But John James didn't want to think it over.

Bitter nights with the sky for a roof. Tea, and hard tack, and the long days stretching into weeks. And, deep down, always the fascination of the search.

He was cut out for just this. And every time his answer was the same. Canada, Rhodesia—he didn't much mind. He wanted to be where the gold was.

"Well," said his father, "you can't go yet, that's a certainty. You're not old enough. Another thing, it costs money."

"Of course," nodded John James, very solemn. "When I've saved £100 . . ."

The Gorbys had never been well off. John James had to contribute to household expenses out of a moderate wage. When he came home from work he snatched a meal, took a spade and a hoe, and hired himself out as a rough gardener for 1s. an hour.

He was eighteen now. He never whistled, rarely smiled, took no part in the life of the village. At the end of his labours he fell into bed and sleep poleaxed him on the instant.

Not much of a life seen from the outside, but very satisfying to John James. The digging put muscle on his back, widened his chest, toughened him, filled him with health. And the rhythm of it, the swing and chop of the spade, was conducive to thought.

Gold. It was a religion with him now.

At forty he'd have £1,000 for each year of his life—this was his vow.

And, like a beacon of light to lure him on, there was always the chance of making a million ten times over.

"Well," said his father at last, "good-bye, lad, and good luck."

His mother told him to be sure to put on his thick underwear when the cold weather came. There was no sweetheart to give him a parting kiss. John James had been too busy.

Rhodesia was his goal. He landed at Durban and struck north to Bulawayo. He went on foot, for the £100 that he had saved over and above his fare must be husbanded.

From Bulawayo he struck west to Livingstone, gave one glance at the Victoria Falls, and pushed on into the Barotze country.

The scenery passed him by, making no impression. Body and soul he was dedicated to gold. A tiny speck in that vast continent, he passed his days in loneliness, scrabbling amongst pebbles, chipping pieces off the outcrops of rock, patiently washing the soil by the banks of small streams.

A year, two years, five.

John James had grown gaunt and grim. With his pack on his back, his long hair, his patched suit, he looked a rag-bag of a man. He carried a gun and a few cartridges, shooting for the pot as he went.

A hard and gruelling life. Such gold as he contrived to pick up was sufficient only to keep him alive, to put by a few shillings for a rainy day.

But he couldn't give up, he daren't give up. As each day dawned he renewed his hope.

"To-day," he would say to himself, "I'll find it. To-morrow I'll be rich."

And so, still searching, he came to the little cattle kraal on the hillside. He would have passed it by, but he had broken an arm and needed help.

As he neared the door a woman came out. She was tall, and strong, and kindly looking, and her hair gleamed like gold in the setting sun.

Deftly she put the arm in splints. She was alone. Her husband had been dead two years. She looked after the cattle and worked the garden herself.

Oranges, lemons, potatoes, peas. Five miles from the nearest town she tilled the earth, and called her cattle by names, and filled her simple wants.

"It's a grand life," she said. When she smiled it was like coming into warmth from a bitter storm. "You get a sense of peace. Gold? It's treacherous. I've seen good men spoiled by it."

John James said: "It's seven years now. I can't give up."

"You need a rest from it," she told him.

LAND could be bought for 1s. an acre out there. John James knew nothing about farming. She taught him, lent him ploughs and harrows. From his little patch a hundred yards from hers he would wave to her every morning as she rounded up the cattle for milking.

And, at nights, they would sit out on the veranda of the little house he had built, with the short African twilight bathing the miles of forest, shadowing the blue mountains, until darkness washed up to their feet.

They had become Alice and John James to each other now.

A silent man, John James. After supper he would sit and smoke his pipe and a far-away look would come into his eyes. She knew what he was thinking about. Like a wise woman, she never referred to it.

Saturday was market day, and Alice marketing the produce for both farms, drove over to Makata in the rickety old Ford. She looked surprisingly young in a blue dress and a floppy hat, and John James watched her until she was out of sight.

SHE was bringing back some seed peas, and when she had gone he set about harrowing the three-acre field ready for sowing.

He had worked for perhaps five minutes when he pulled up abruptly, stooped, and picked up a handful of soil.

And then as he saw something gleaming a yard or two farther on, he was suddenly motionless with excitement. Could it be true?

It was.

What he held in his hand was 20 per cent. gold.

John James let out a shout, threw his hat into the air, started for the house like a man possessed, came back to scrabble in the soil again.

He had been sitting on the veranda for the past hour when she came back. Soberly, thoughtfully, he went to meet her.

"Why, Alice . . ."

He stopped. Alice was gay in a flowered frock, a new hat. And, under his stare, she blushed.

At last, supper over, they sat under the stars.

"Well, John James," said Alice, "What have you been doing to-day?"

"Harrowing the three acre," said John James. "It's good land. It's a nice bit of land."

His hand stole out, enclosed hers. Peace stole over John James, and a vast contentment.

"I'll get the peas in to-morrow," he said.

Half-Heartedness

Half-hearted means half-parted, it means crevices and cracks, it means weakening our foothold with weak stretches in our tracks. It's the shadow on all enterprise, it's the loose buckle and slipped tie, it's the pause that robs each sacrifice, it's the boaster's empty cry.

Half-heartedness is to give away that which we've almost gained, it's the dust of failure on our heart and life's answer unexplained. It's the blight of weakness on our faith whilst the strength from hope it saps, for it turns certainty into might-have-been, and salvation into perhaps.—J. M.

Reform Is In The Air To-Day

I DON'T suppose there ever was such a time when there was so much reform in the air. It's going to be all pie for the next generation from what you hear. Looked after from the cradle to the grave and educated by the State until their brains burst.

★ ★ ★

It sounds very nice. But I wonder.

If you're going to have a lot of education one boy has as much right to a large lump as the next. It is not fair that one boy's brains should burst and the next boy's brains stay in his head. Let them all burst.

So long, that is, as bursting a boy's brains is what we're all after.

But as I grow older I'm beginning to have my doubts. School sets your little feet toddling, but it must be a bit of a surprise in later years to find you're toddling up the wrong road.

If you're going to be a chartered accountant or a draper's manager, I suppose the road you begin to toddle along at school is the right road.

But when I was young and looked forward I never saw any particular bright colours about being a chartered accountant or a draper's manager.

My ambition, when I was small, was to be a pirate or a highwayman. And you don't have to go to school for that.

A fool ambition, you think? What about Sir Francis Drake?

Some boys want to become comedians and do become comedians. Others want to climb to the tops of high mountains and do climb to the tops of high mountains. Yet others want to popularise Piffling-on-Sea and turn it from a place with two shrimping-nets into a place with twelve piers.

What can a school do with *them*?

Most of the colour in life comes from doing what other men *can't* do.

★ ★ ★

If a boy wants to be as good as the next boy there's a fine time coming for him after the war. He'll only have to go to school. It'll be a fine world.

But if he wants to be a pirate or invent the craze to follow crosswords or a better tune than "Daisy, Daisy," I'm afraid it will be up to him and not to any new system of education.

A. G.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

IT CAN—AND DOES—HAPPEN HERE

THIS is a true story of two little girls whom I shall call Cinderella and Goldilocks.

A policeman met them at midnight recently wandering not into the forest but towards London.

They were afraid of the things you would expect little girls of twelve and fourteen to be afraid of in a country lane after dark—wolves, foxes, and wicked aunts.

But of things they had real reason to fear they, in their sweet innocence, knew very little.

They were given food, warmth, consolation, and in due course found themselves before a local Bench as children in need of care and protection.

Now that was a very wise Bench.

It soon found out there was nothing wicked about Cinderella or Goldilocks—unless it is wicked to run away from a home in which you consider yourself unloved and unwanted.

Censored Letters

It discovered, too, that the four parents concerned didn't bother much as to what happened to the two little wayfarers as long as they were rid of the responsibility of keeping them.

So it set about finding what to do with them.

There came before the Court a lady from the Big Home.

Yes, it is a Very Big Home, for a charitable public gives it many thousands of pounds every year to teach little children to be good.

Youngsters like Cinderella and Goldilocks, whose only naughtiness is to be born into homes where children are not welcome, are sent to scores of such homes in their many hundreds to learn to be good.

Would the lady from the Big Home like Cinderella and Goldilocks—provided that parents and everybody else agreed?

Yes, she would.

And then that very sensible Bench decided to ask for details.

No, Cinderella and Goldilocks would not be allowed to go out and about—at least for a time. It was not usual to give inmates any liberty in the first six months.

Yes, they would be allowed a ration of letters, but they would be censored. And any money enclosed with them would be withheld.

They would have sweets, of course. But not the full ration which the State has decided is essential to children. Three or four sweets over a period of a month, with a whole packet for themselves at Christmas.

And so it went on. Talk of the need for discipline. Mentions of sternness.

But no reference at all to what Cinderella and Goldilocks and thousands of unwanted children like them crave most in life—mother-love, kindness, understanding.

Growing Problems

Now war has made the problem of the unwanted child an enormous one—and it is going to be a mightier one yet.

Thousands of the young children officially or unofficially evacuated are never going to be claimed.

In a far greater number of cases parents who have taken war jobs in distant parts of the land have lost all interest in their youngsters, and in many cases do not want them back.

There are numberless child victims of marriages wrecked by the war. We can't estimate the total yet. It is going to be an ugly one.

And there is another army of unwanted children coming along. Some are nearly four years old already.

Their mothers and fathers have gone their respective ways months before they were born, perhaps never to meet again.

At least their mothers might have wanted them had the times been normal. But social workers say it isn't usually so in war time, when a woman's urge is more often to get away from the child and start again.

There are those most pitiful children of all—those born to married women after their husbands have been overseas a year or more. They are always unwanted—the more bitterly so when there are children of the marriage.

Many Courts are refusing to allow the mothers to get these children out of the way before the husbands return on the grounds that the children legally belong to the husband until he can prove non-access.

These most unwanted of all unwanted children are already so numerous that the Lord Chancellor's Department has been asked to give a legal ruling concerning their status.

Weigh these facts. It is obvious that Britain is going to be far fuller than ever before of children in want of care and protection.

If their parents don't want them it is tragic but just can't be helped. But if they are left with the feeling that *nobody* wants them it will be a blot on our civilisation.

Yet that wicked thing is happening.

Some, whose only offence is to be in want of care and protection, have been sent to approved schools—to mix with young offenders although they have done no wrong.

Others go to homes and hostels run by charitable organisations—some of which have to be run so cheaply on the pennies of the charitable that they should have been swept away in the great social clean-up of Charles Dickens' day.

Housing Again

Many of them can't afford to employ experts on children. They must buy the cheapest labour and let it learn child-care as it goes. And poverty ordains that they can't attempt to surround the child with a proper home life.

And often, in these places, these good but unwanted mites have to mix with the young offender.

Don't blame the magistrates. What else can they do?

The authorities should take over some of the unwanted mansions of the country—as I happen to know that fine organisation known as Dr. Barnardo's Homes has been trying to do.

They will find that in most cases the owners are quite ready to sell until they consult their neighbours in surrounding mansions.

Then they will come along with: "Sorry, but I've changed my mind. Not fair to property owners round, don't you know. Homes for unwanted children rather depreciate surrounding property, don't you think?"

But the authorities should exercise all their strength to get the properties they want, and, if their strength should be insufficient, should ask Parliament for more.

The Home Office tells me that lack of suitable accommodation is the major problem in giving a better deal alike to the young offender and the child who needs care and protection. And that, I believe, is the stark truth.

Then we must act quickly. We must beat the obstructionists, the property worshippers. We can't afford to have empty mansions and rotting childhood side by side in this Britain of ours.

These lucky children enjoy sun, fresh air and freedom

Write to "John Bull" About it

Magnificent—While They Are Useful

WAR has created golden opinions about the woman of forty.

"Magnificent" is the word usually applied to her and her work.

You'd hardly credit that there was a day, just before the war, when certain of our most prosperous trades threw women on the scrap-heap at the first sight of fading of their youth and beauty.

It won't happen again, of course. *Or will it?* Let us examine certain evidence.

A big London business house initiated a contributory pensions scheme for its staff the other day.

The firm made a handsome contribution to it.

As to the staff, the older you were the bigger monthly contribution you had to pay in as your share—which didn't seem entirely unfair.

Well, pretty well every man and woman applied for admission.

Then came the shock—for those women who are "magnificent" while a nation at war is so desperate for their services, and many of whom have served with the firm since many years before the war.

Women of forty and upwards who never imagined that the coming of peace would mean the end of their jobs had their applications refused.

It didn't matter how much they were prepared to contribute.

* * *

They will be surplus to the firm's requirements when young girls become readily available again, and so there is no room for them in this permanent staff scheme.

In this particular trade thousands of women were thrown on the scrap-heap every year as soon as the first bloom of their youth wore off.

One can imagine the feelings of these old servants—these "magnificent" women—when they learnt that staff insurance schemes were not for such as they.

Anyhow, certain of the women expressed their intention of finding similar work elsewhere—for there are plenty of firms in the same line of business anxious to employ them.

As they see it, taking such jobs to-day, when labour is scarce, represents their very last hope of safeguarding their futures. But there's a difficulty.

If they gave up their jobs they would be flung on the open market, which could mean that the Ministry of Labour might send them to jobs twice as hard, hundreds of miles from home and at half the pay.

The Ministry of Labour was given its powers to direct people into whatever war jobs it liked to further the war effort.

But should the result of such war-time legislation be that a woman should be compelled to work for a firm until such time as it suits that firm to scrap her as too old?

Now it would be bad enough if that were an isolated example, but it isn't.

Investigations I have made in trade union circles show that many firms have already made it known to women of forty and more that they won't be wanted when the war ends.

Some are in the drapery trade. They blame their women customers—say that women customers will demand again after the war, as they did before the war, that they be served by young assistants.

I made further inquiries of the Ministry of Labour.

That Ministry has no evidence that firms which intend to sack older women when young girls become available are using war time legislation in the meantime to retain those older women while their services are so invaluable.

* * *

But it has a word of advice to offer to workers who might be threatened in this way:

"The Ministry does not wish to lend itself as a tool of such employers.

"People coming on to the open labour market in this way should tell us the facts and then, whatever we do, it will certainly not be done to suit the convenience of a particular firm.

"What we will do will be dictated to some extent, of course, by local labour conditions. But rest assured that no firm is going to use us for its own ends."

That is good to know.

But it isn't good to know that as soon as the war ends firms will throw women of forty or even thirty on the scrap-heap to suit their own ends, as they did before 1939.

That would be a mockery of all the hopes and intentions we have for a better Britain.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. W. Breakell, Orange Road, Layton, Blackpool, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are invited on matters worthy of inquiry or comment. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Even the Great Pyramid has been conscripted — to safeguard the Allies conferring at Mena House, the R.A.F. built an observation post on the summit

FUN and games on the Great Pyramid at Mena are mentioned by Cpl. J. Harrington, R.A.F., in a letter to his mother at Huddersfield Road, Oldham:

During the Allied conferences at Mena House, all precautions were taken to prevent interference by enemy aircraft.

I was one of the fourteen R.A.F. men who carried up the equipment and completed the observation post at the summit of the great Pyramid of Cheops.

Climbing the Pyramid was not so bad from a height point of view, but it was hard work lugging our stuff up to the top The average climbing time for an airman sound in wind and limb was fifteen minutes in daylight and a little longer at night.

Looking out from this unusual observation post was our main job, but we found opportunity to make tea. We are probably the first men to have brewed tea on top of a Pyramid!

Cheerful Men

The Burma campaign is in the news, and here is Pte. D. Clarke, serving with India Command, who has taken part in the recent fighting, writing home about it to his mother at Magdalen Street, Norwich:

We are making a steady advance, nothing spectacular maybe but we are slowly pushing the Japs further and further out of their positions which they have held so long. As soon as we get relieved I shall start writing regularly again, but correspondence under present circumstances is difficult, so please don't get impatient or worried if news from me is delayed.

We are doing a real job now; not just brass cleaning and polishing. As a matter of fact, I have just shaved for the first time for a fortnight. My old company commander would have fits if he saw us now—very grimy, very dirty!

As I write it is a glorious, sunny morning; deceptively peaceful, as if there was not a Jap within a radius of many miles, but we know different.

Things are pretty tough at times, but I have never been with so many cheerful men. As we move forward we do plenty of digging, as the Japs like to have a "go" at us with their mortars, but you are pretty safe in a hole

Many people back home seem to think that the troops out here are having a pleasant holiday at the nation's expense. Well, they are welcome to come and try it!

Cunning Persians

Pilfering in Persia is the theme of a letter from Sign. J. Turnbull, Royal Corps of Signals, to his wife at Bilton Drive, Harrogate:

We had some excitement last night when another chap and I were sleeping in the tent containing all the canteen stores I must have stirred uneasily in my sleep when I heard noise at my side of the tent

I was out of bed in a jiffy and then realised that the noise was that of a knife slitting canvas! Thieves again! and I was just too late to save a shirt which was being whipped through the newly cut slit in the tent.

I shouted a mighty oath, and reached the slit in time to see the thief (it was a starlit night) hoofing it up the road like a champion runner I roared for sentries but we were too late.

This local criminal is smart. At one tent he cut a triangular slit, and by pushing his head and shoulders through the gap he managed to clear a locker of its contents, also removing a tunic and a greatcoat.

Honest people in these parts! Three lots of kit were "swiped" the first night we arrived here. Two nights later the "visitors" had a go at the sergeant-major's tent, clearing most of his kit, plus a gramophone and thirty records. "These you have loved"—and all that!

Thoughts of Allah

An Arab bazaar in the Near East is described by AC1/R. Hill, R.A.F., in a letter to relatives at Cwmcelyn, Blaina, Mon.

We went through the same narrow streets lined with stalls, colourful with cloths, silks, fruit and trinkets; through the "Souks," which are cave-like arcades, each one housing a separate trade One for the hat-makers, one for the perfume-makers, another for the cobblers and so on

There is much class distinction about these trades.

The most aristocratic are the hat-makers, because the Arab thinks that as he makes the hat, he makes the thought of Allah Next come the perfume-makers, who, with their scent, make sweet the thought of Allah. . . .

That evening we went to the special American Theatre, where we saw an Arab dancing girl, plus an Arabian orchestra. The music was a trifle weird and the dancing a bit different in style from the Vic-Wells Ballet, yet it had its fascination.

Chocolate Pays Off

Serving with the C.M.F., Sgt. S. Bristow tells of a welcome halt, a tasty meal and other things, in a letter to his parents at Burntwood Road, Grimthorpe, nr. Barnsley:

Our lorry pulled into a barbed-wire compound, which in the earlier days of the campaign has served as a P.O.W. cage. Soon, those unsung heroes of every unit—the cooks—were busy preparing our supper. We were hungry! The steaming stew and mugs of tea had never tasted nicer. Of course, a crowd of "locals" had collected to see the cooks at work, and later to see us eat. We felt as if we were on exhibition, but there was no loss of appetite

Supper over, the crowd resumed what had been its original intention, that of bartering The road outside the compound soon became a miniature Petticoat Lane, except that very little money changed hands.

Eggs, wine, birds in cages and birds out of cages, musical instruments, clothes, and fruit appeared as if from nowhere at the waving of a magician's wand. Business began with energetic salesmen, saleswomen and saleschildren, all trying to persuade us to take something in exchange for something else.

Money meant nothing in this form of trading, and most of the currency used by our side was in the form of cigarettes and chocolate. For a packet of cigarettes and a bar of chocolate you could buy almost anything.

Middle East Training

Officer cadets undergoing training at a Middle East O.C.T.U., have a strenuous time, but they are tough or become so. Cadet R. L. McIntyre, writes to a friend at Stratford Road, Sparkhall, Birmingham.

We are now at the final stage of our training, and it is strenuous. On Monday we did a three-mile run and conditions were not good owing to heavy rains. This meant that a large part of our course across rough country had been turned into a huge bog by the rain.

Next day, we had a forced march over a distance of 12½ miles at a cracking pace, covering the journey in a little over three hours. This does not give you any time to stop and pass the time of day, or to admire the scenery.

We must be pretty fit because only one chap cracked up. The rules of this particular competition state that for every cadet who fails to complete the course, the platoon loses ten points. Something had to be done about that, so two of us carried our "invalid" over the last stretch. We were determined not to lose those ten points.

After our 12-mile march, we had five minutes rest and then had to do the assault course, which on its own is no mean task. Our "passenger" was now refusing point blank to take part in this last part in our fun and games, but after carrying him so far we had different views about that.

He completed the course; up ropes, over jumps, through trenches, etc., and was surprised how he managed to do it. Just shows what a little persuasion will do!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Servicemen are being charged 9d. an hour for fishing privileges by an angling club. What generosity towards our defenders!—"Waltonian," Forest Road, Loughborough.

* * *

A borough council wanted some rubber boots. The request was tossed about by no fewer than seven Ministries. They were still "passing the buck" when the council, losing all patience, bought clogs. —F. French, Duston, Northampton.

* * *

The war must be nearly over. Three shopkeepers were polite to me yesterday, and two of them actually smiled. Such a change after having to apologise for even entering a shop!—B. Heath, Windermere Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

* * *

Many schools which were blasted years ago still have boarded windows, so that children are studying all day under artificial light. Surely schools should have glass replaced quickly?—"G. F.," High Road, Tottenham, N.

Walter Nash of New Zealand demands that we safeguard the principles of the Atlantic Charter

ONE British statesman's voice has now been heard in urgent warning:

"We may be winning the war, are we winning the peace?"

It is a pity that Walter Nash, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, was speaking on the air to millions instead of to a mere handful gathered in Caxton Hall at the invitation of the Industrial Christian Fellowship.

He should have been addressing the nation these seven questions which he put at the meeting to a few score earnest Anglicans:

Are we equally ready and confident that, having defeated the Axis, we will succeed in safeguarding and extending directly and indirectly, the application of the Four Freedoms and the principles of the Atlantic Charter to the peoples of all lands, without discrimination of colour, race or creed?

Are we completely satisfied that the peoples for whom we are fighting for democracy and freedom will not end in their destruction?

Are we completely satisfied that in winning the war we will not discover, but too late, as we discovered last time, that we have lost the peace?

Do we really mean to reconstruct the world in the pattern of the ideals we have proclaimed?

Are we prepared and willing to make those readjustments, nationally and internationally, which alone can lay the foundation for a just and enduring peace?

Are we entitled to take a long view and say this war is really a people's war, with no very clear goal at the outset, [illegible] except a determination to survive in freedom, but with positive post-war aims emerging more and more clearly in the consciousness of the common people who are fighting it, as well as in the pronouncements of the leaders of the Governments?

Are we merely to regard the principles of the Atlantic Charter, for example, as pious maxims to be discarded and forgotten when Victory comes?

No other official spokesman of the entire Commonwealth has ever put it so frankly as that!

Indeed, and in a week when newspapers were admitting, "The public back in power politics," and MPs were longing to their Party were saying in conversation, "The Atlantic Charter was always a pipe-dream," Nash came out with the words: *"A betrayal of the Atlantic Charter would be a greater betrayal of the boys who have given their lives in this war."*

He spoke as a man who believed that there was no standard of life comparable with the Christian faith.

"But it is not by our worship or by our prayers that we shall be judged," he said, "but by the way we act."

EVEN QUESTIONS FOR BRITAIN

By Hannen Swaffer

tain had, by her faith and her ge, saved the world in 1940. Had e, the faith and the courage to world again? That was the e he threw out.

Atlantic Charter," he insisted, t the principles on which peace be built. Nothing could so betray ure of the world as to run away ose principles."

A CENTURY AHEAD

o aggrandisement," we had said, no territorial changes." We had promised free access, on equal for all people, victor or van-ed, to the raw materials of the

e word 'all,'" Nash emphasised, ears ten times in the Charter. No ation of peace is worth while un-reedom from want applies to *all* ries."

Churchill, who signed the Charter I who reminds you of this, not —now says it does not apply to the ans!.

lter Nash, who once went to an an school in Kidderminster, has led a long way, both physically n mind, since those days.

a boy, he says, he cut the world two halves—the English and igners."

here is no inherently superior race," declares, "for each has different ies which should be pooled for the t of all."

quotes, as an example, two visits id to the Fijis, one not many years nd the other during the war. first he went the Fijians were s to whom you gave sixpence, for they almost begged.

time, when he inspected the he was told that the native rs, when at work manning the showed a greater aptitude than hite soldiers.

for the natives of the Solomon s, the sons of men who were can-they have been giving most le aid to our troops—and even the New Zealanders at Rugby! is our job," insists Nash, "to give nce to all the backward races, ion, food to eat, and such a chance elop that, in the end, it will make as good as you or I."

as remembering this, of course, ustralia and New Zealand pledged lves to hold the Southern Pacific in trusteeship for the natives. then, is our Colonial Office going bout "What we have, we'll hold," r north?

alism in Australasia seems a cen-ahead of Toryism in Downing

PROBLEMS OF PEACE

edom from want," declares the Prime Minister of New Zealand, ore than anything else our chief Half the people of the world have tle to eat. And yet only a few ago American farmers were paid ts a bushel for wheat that they t grow!"

not only as a Socialist but as a an that Nash indicts all this. ntrol of the resources of the land, ater and the air should be a ship," he claims.

it is the spectre of a return of the loyment that followed the last hat haunts him most.

He remembers the 6,000,000 workless in Germany, the 11,000,000 unemployed in the United States, and the 3,000,000 workless men here, and he says quite boldly and without equivocation: "I believe that, if we ever returned to the unemployment of 1929, there would be a revolution in New Zealand and in this country. We cannot afford to risk that."

"Unless we have the vision to lay real foundations of peace by finding fuller employment for all," he goes on, "we are not worthy to win the war. The resources of the world are sufficient for all, and a realisation that we cannot have enough for ourselves unless the other fellow has it too is the basis of Christian philosophy, if it means anything at all."

Walter Nash was, before he rose to high office, a commercial traveller. He loved mixing with his fellow-men. Every Sunday, for years, they took their troubles to him in his home. By sheer character and ability he rose to one of the most important positions in the Commonwealth.

In that position he says what our own Ministers hesitate about: "We must prepare now for the tremendous tasks which lie ahead of us, and as thoroughly as any nation has ever prepared for the waging of a war.

"The problems of peace are the same problems which brought about this war, and which will bring about another war unless we solve them not only thoroughly but with a minimum of delay."

I wonder what Churchill will say to that when Australasia tells him so at the Premiers' Conference this Spring....

Human Machine

WHAT HOPES!

● **You can roughly divide human beings into two classes, those who Lean and those who are Leaned on. Or you can divide them if you like into those who Do and those who are content to let others do.**

Now, the interesting thing is this—those who lean, and those who are content to watch others do are never the really happy ones.

It is those who do, and those who are leaned-on who are happy.

The answer to the riddle is probably that they haven't time to be bored, which is the same thing as saying they haven't time to be unhappy.

Now the Leaners and the Watchers have plenty of time.

They not only have plenty of time to be bored; they also have time to be apprehensive. For, you see, at any moment those on whom they lean may take their support away.

Those who are doing while they watch may at any moment cease to do. And then what would they do, poor things?

They might actually have to do something for themselves! It's a terrifying prospect—for them!

You wouldn't have thought that anyone any more needed reminding that the only happy life is a full life.

Yet there are plenty of people who need such a reminder.

Someone once remarked that "millions long for immortality who don't know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon"!

And such people hope to be happy! What hopes!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Will the Noise of War Affect Our Children?

HOW many readers, I wonder, can remember anything that happened before they reached the age of three?

My own earliest recollection is an event that occurred when I was three months younger than this —a big balloon that caught fire in mid-air.

This is considered to be unusually early, though I have heard of people who remember things happening at the age of two.

One of my readers makes this claim:

I was able to recall at the age of ten, she writes, certain events that occurred when I was only two. The family were sitting at tea when I suddenly asked my mother if she still had the white dress and cape which I wore to Sunday-school on the only day very young children were allowed to attend.

We were given a small picture which I was able to describe. My mother and several members of the family have already passed on, but when I am alone I think of them.

To-night, when I went outside to have a look round, I looked up at the sky. It was then that I recalled the incident and decided to write to you to ask the question: From what age is it possible to remember?

It is an interesting subject. In my student days a lecturer asked about 100 of us to write about our earliest recollections. Very few could be fixed before the age of three, but what has happened to all the exciting discoveries and experiences that occurred before that?

Have they clean evaporated from the memory? Or have they merely been mislaid or hidden away?

The next letter is appropriate at this point.

We often read of social misfits nowadays, says the reader, and are told that the cause of their maladjustment to life is due to some seemingly trivial incident which happened in childhood.

When we compare the world of our youth and that of the babies of this war, we cannot help but wonder if the bombing of homes, the uprooting of families, and the sudden losses suffered by this generation will result in a world peopled by an abnormal generation.

Although babies and young children seem to stand up to the wailing of sirens and the noise of heavy gunfire, is it being stored up to develop into a neurosis twenty years hence?

What will the rising generation be like when they are adult? This war must be making some impression on them?

The two things which frighten a small baby are: (*a*) insecurity—the dread of being dropped; (*b*) loud noises.

At the present time they have plenty of noise to alarm them, and the majority of them "take it" far better than anyone expected.

But as the writer of the letter suggests, there may be long-distance effects which will emerge later. The whole subject of the effect of war on young children is now being investigated by psychologists.

Traditionally, loud noises frighten babies, yet they appear to stand up to our guns remarkably well

Until their findings are published it is not possible to answer with any certainty.

It is argued that we never really forget anything at all!

If I forget to keep an appointment it is explained that (for some reason or other) I have purposely forgotten it. The "date" has been hidden in some dark corner of the brain—the unconscious part, perhaps.

There are plenty of things in the mind which we know are there, but we cannot get at them. A name eludes us, perhaps, and dodges capture. It is on the tip of the tongue one moment, but gone a moment after.

If a thing is particularly disagreeable, we may hide it where we can't get at it. Then it develops into a nasty "complex" that gives us horrid dreams and neuroses.

Which reminds me that a man has written to ask if it is really possible to improve the memory, and can I tell him how it is done.

I can remember people's names and addresses, he says, and I'm good at telephone numbers; but I am bad at remembering what I have read.

I can thoroughly enjoy a novel; but a couple of weeks later I can't for the life of me remember what it was about.

When I was a boy I got into trouble because I could not tell my father what the sermon was about when I got home from church.

Perhaps you can imagine what my school reports were like! It was not that I did not care: simply that my memory let me down. It has let me down in business, too.

If there is any way of making matters better, I'd be grateful to know.

PEOPLES memories differ in quality as well as in quantity. One man remembers figures, another remembers words; one is good at faces, another is good at places.

Some people's minds are like well-arranged shops where everything is in its place, but others are in a permanent muddle.

The confusion is generally due to emotional upheavals. Before anything else can be done it is necessary to get one's feelings straight.

In other words, a man has to overhaul himself—to have a stocktaking or spring-cleaning, to discover the truth about himself. Is he willing to do this? It requires courage to get rid of one's illusions.

His teeth need YOUR care -

Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour. Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d. Take old tubes back to the shop.

Phillips' (Regd.)
Dental Magnesia

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

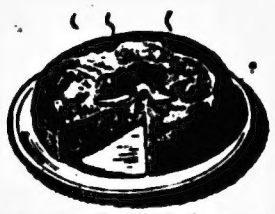
So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure

"ALL WOOL" No. 1 Green Band, No. 2 Blue Band, No. 4 Maternity

SENTINEL
Regd. Trade Mark
HYGIENIC TOWELS
From all chemists, drapers and stores

Splendor Ltd. Nottingham
Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers

FIRST AID
always Safe and Sure!
for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO.
Keep LION OINTMENT handy and apply at once. Cleanses quickly; heals safely. At your Chemist.
BURGESS' 1/3 & 3/-.
LION OINTMENT



Hooray! Look what's for supper!

Bacon and Egg pie

PASTRY: *6 oz. flour; 2½ oz. fat; 3 oz. cooked mashed potato; pinch of salt; water to mix if necessary.*

FILLING: *4 rashers chopped; 6 oz. mashed potato; 2 eggs, reconstituted; 2 teaspoons chopped parsley; ½ teaspoon mixed herbs; salt and pepper.*

METHOD: Make pastry by creaming fat and potato. Add flour and mix to a pastry dough. Line sandwich tin with half of pastry. For filling, mix potato, bacon and parsley, mixed herbs and seasoning. Add eggs, mix, and spread mixture on pastry in tin. Cover with pastry and bake in a moderate oven for 45 mins.

You can thank your lucky stars for the plentiful supply of dried eggs! They are fresh, new-laid eggs, finest quality, with only shell and water removed. Dried eggs are a protein (body-building) food, like meat and fish — serve egg dishes *often* to eke out the meat.

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

GOOD
Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

ZONING
We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy 'Chinese' Figs now. They will return again as one of the fruits of Peace.

BATGER'S
'CHINESE' FIGS
NOW ONLY 12 POINTS PER 12 OZ. DRUM

BORWICK'S makes good wholesome cakes, pastry, puddings

LIGHTER, more appetising and digestible because Borwick's improves the texture, taste and attractiveness

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

LAST LAUGH

N. M. (Mortlake).—"My wife did me an injustice when she asked sarcastically if I expected fairies to turn over the soil in our garden." You were relying on the blackbirds and thrushes?

C. A. (Wimbledon).—"My boy at two has already mastered one musical instrument." A drum, we presume.

DENTIST (London, W.).—"I have now installed a wireless set in my waiting-room." Well, that is one way of making patients really thankful to get into your chair?

MRS. D. (Diss).—"We housewives are finding it very difficult to persuade girls to become domestic servants these days." Well, you housewives have very little crockery for them to break these days.

MRS. L. (Luton).—"Long engagements have their dangers in war time." One of which, of course, is marriage?

G. N. (Yorkshire).—"A mysterious fire started recently in my tobacconist's shop and I still cannot imagine how it started." Perhaps an obstinate patent-lighter suddenly decided to do its stuff?

D. M. (Ham, Surrey).—"The local police are looking for a man seen shining a very bright torch on a Rugby field during a recent week-end." Probably a member of the scrum looking for his ear.

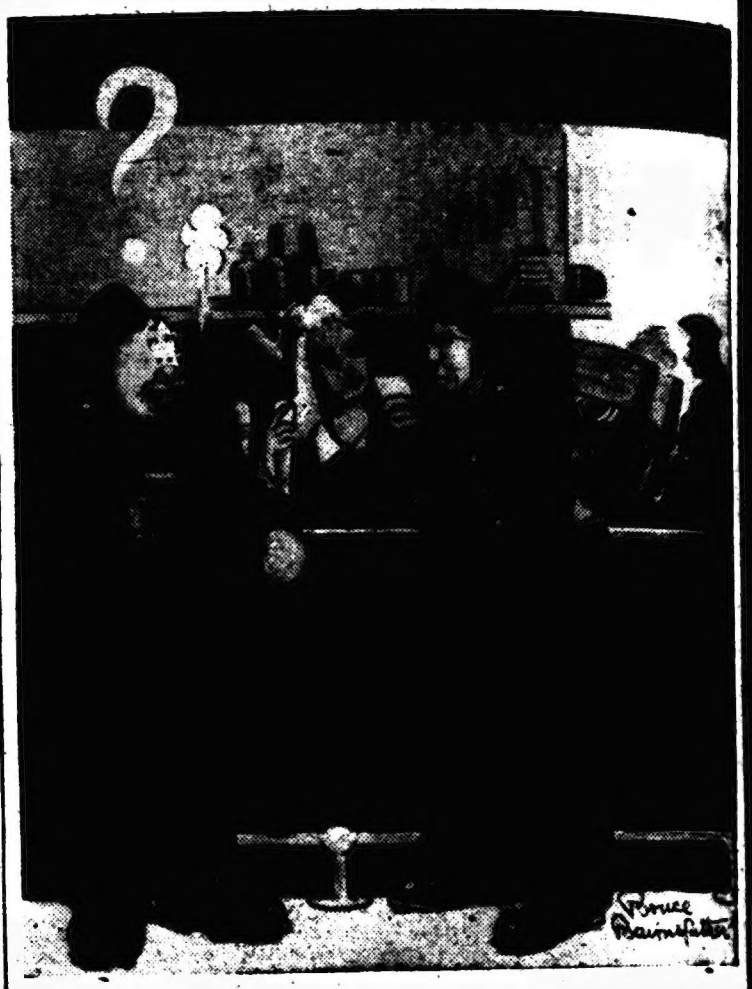
BUD J (Suffolk).—"As an American reporter, I have come over to this country in order to see the invasion of Western Europe." We trust you have taken the precaution of booking a Second Front Stall?

G. F (Deal).—"German radio commentators are always trying to alarm their British listeners with new and fearsome inventions." Yes, but no notice should be taken of their claim that Germany's latest weapon is a secret Hitler.

D. L. (Ely).—"Field-Marshal Goering, according to a German broadcast, runs just as much risk of being an air-raid casualty as anybody else." The Allies refuse to regard him as a cultural monument.

R. M. (Margate).—"There are women armchair strategists nowadays." They encourage their husbands to sit with their feet on the mantelpiece and later harvest the loose change from the upholstery.

T. P. (Preston).—"Many M.P.s in their spare time are engaged in work of national importance." Well, that's something.



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Got a Y-mail from my brother 'ere. Seems the outfit he's with is being moved from Cassino and sent to Anzio for a rest!"

Side-Slips

BIRMINGHAM DISPATCH:—"'It is 27 in. long, and I have to swallow 22 in. of it. It weighs 15 in.'"

WREXHAM LEADER:—". . . he is commanded by the King to return home to be KNITTED."

EMPIRE NEWS:—". . . plentifully supplied with THANKS and other material."

TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"We ask parents to provide plimsols or SCANDALS. . . ."

EVENING NEWS:—"This explosion was later DEPORTED by a . . ."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"With his WITCH he tested her."

EVENING NEWS:—"Firemen WON gas-masks' to get to the seat of the fire. . . ."

DAILY MAIL:—". . . consider they may as well get rid of them by BUYING them. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "This is the most tragic case I have investigated," begins the report of a JOHN BULL representative.

He goes on to tell us of a Finchley man's long fight against ill-health and poverty.

Mr. Joseph Whitby is that man. For thirty years he served the G.P.O. In the last war he was gassed, wounded and blown up. In this war he has been bombed out of two homes.

For six years he has been unable to work. He cannot move from his chair without help. His speech is impaired—so is his hearing. Day and night he is tended by his wife, and now she is breaking down.

Their income is but 36s. 6d. a week, plus food tickets from the British Legion, and out of that must come money for doctors and drugs.

Both have borrowed without the knowledge of the other, hoping to prevent the other from worrying. And now these brave, grand, sad people owe some £20.

"A case of genuine hardship and tragic misfortune," concludes our investigator's report.

Well, won't you help to brighten this case and others almost as heart-rending?

All donations are pooled and allocated equitably among the deserving cases on our books at the discretion of the Committee.

Please send a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We'll gladly send an acknowledgment if you give your name and address, though we're just as grateful for anonymous donations.

And, as you know, we bear all the administrative cost ourselves.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."

£100-plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,0

Mrs. V. T. Stokes, 15, Enmore Av S. Norwood, for this "Bullet":

SOUNDS LIKE PARROT LOOKS LIKE MONKEY, GOEBBELS!

£10: C. H. Williams, 32A, Meadow Rd., Tunbridge Wells.
Sounds Like Soup—So Army Cook Satisfied!

£5: J. H. Wolfendale, 14, Fairbourne Rd., Levenshulme, Manchester.
Shows He's A Fighter—"Captured" Degree in Slating.

£4: T. Lynas, 60, Roland Ave., St. Helens.
Our Land—Covered With "Old Glory."

£3: J. Scott, 55, St. Paul's Rd., Salisbury.
Nazi Beast—Wolf Fearing Hungry Men.

£2: W. Westwood, N.A.A.F.I. Stores, Somerset in Britain.
In This War—Salute The Civvy. Also!

YOUR £200 COUPON

6 Prizes of 30s.:
A. M. Casely, 12, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh.
Our New Bombs—Make Goering "Look Small."
Mrs. A. S. Cochrane, 198, Adamswell St., Glasgow.
Bit Of Impudence—Fishmonger, "Heads Or Tails?"
E. G. C. Ewan, 8, Kirkton Durris, Drumoak, Aberdeenshire.
Peaceful Life—You Wish? You Fish!
E. Groom, 11, Grove St., Wellingborough.
Sounds Like Tank—Rumbling Into Dreamland.
W. Mathieson, 20, Anderson Drive, Saltcoats.
What The B.B.C. Forgets—But Can't Forgive.
W. H. Wilson, 46, Reddon Ave., Liverpool.
Bit Of Impudence—In Postmist's Garden, Grow

A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

RESULT—"LAUGH-LINES"

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 LETTERS in order B—D—A—K entered by following 9 competitors, who thus share £75: S. G. Ansell, 7, Blackstone Rd., Nuneaton; E. Borwell, 7, Cambridge St., Wolverton; Mrs. S. Brear, 85, Roundwood Ave., Rochdale; R. Davidson, Garvock Bank, Tarbolton, Dunfermline; Pte. H. Jackson, Somerset-in-Britain; J. Monks, New Villas, Sewards End, Saffron Walden; Mrs. B. Platt, 121, George St., Blackpool; G. Pearson, 99, Thanet St., Clay Cross; C. C. Wisher, St. John's, "A." Hill Crest Rd., Biggin Hill.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 9 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order but not consecutive. 2nd Runners-up Awards for 411 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE"

VICTORY RIDES . . .

WITH ABERDALE PRECISION BUILT CYCLES

ABERDALE CYCLE CO. EDMONTON, LONDON

Sport's

RIDE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

. . . . both hands free for steering or signalling. Ease with safety, in and out of traffic. A simple backward pressure *with the foot* and you brake SAFELY in a second.

No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY COASTER BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

Famel conquers COUGHS

Don't neglect that cough. The supply position of Famel Syrup is not too bad this season. Regular users who *can't get on without* it should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the Winter.

FAMEL (BRAND) SYRUP

Think in-STEAD

STOP THAT COLD before it gets a hold

Take Cephos THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-. Single Dose 2d. inc. *Purchase Tax*

"...and the LIGHTS will come back"

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp? It is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done a good job in helping to keep the health standard of children high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period. By helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

To us Phosferine is like gold

—a steady, safe, reliable tonic, says H.L.

"To us Phosferine is like gold, a steady, safe and reliable tonic for the nerves. We have been in business many years—a grocery business—and a very trying occupation these days, and only Phosferine has kept our heads steady and eased the mental fatigue. We have recommended Phosferine to quite a few people with the same good results."
(*Signed*) H.L., Leeds.

There's nothing like Phosferine when you are feeling the stress and strain of life. It will quickly replace your spent vitality, give you strength and energy to carry on. Ask your chemist for this really great tonic today.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
(*Including Purchase Tax*)
2 *Tablets equal* 10 *drops*

PHOSFERINE
(*Tablets or Liquid*)

UP AGAIN

GOES BULLETS FIRST—2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

£200

FIRST CASH

ONE WEEK ONLY!

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 35/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

25 of 10/- 1,250 MERIT AWARDS

ONCE again the First Prize for a *Bullet* has soared to the fine, round sum of £200 Cash—and it can all be yours for entering two, three or four well-chosen words on your coupon below!

The Second Prize has also been doubled, whilst other awards totalling 1,286 are waiting good *Bullets*. And what *is* a good *Bullet*? See Result on page 14!

There is no winner in that list which *you* could not have made up. So even the Bumper First in this week's offer of prizes value over £300 is well within the reach of any reader who will spend an amusing half-hour with the *Examples* below.

But remember this vital point. Your coupon here must be posted not later than Monday, April 3, if it is to bring you the thrill and satisfaction of seeing your name on the £200 First Prize telegram!

HOW TO WIN £200

Simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below—the result is a *Bullet* which can bring you that £200 prize.

For instance, to the recent *Example* ANOTHER STORY, a sailor won a £100 First Prize by adding the simple but pointed comment, WHEN FRITZ "GETS IT." Further guidance on how to make a prize *Bullet* awaits you in the winning list on page 14.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charges and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., & write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces ineligible if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated April 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

LITTLE BIT OF BRITAIN
FOR THE GOVERNMENT
VICTORY'S BANQUET
INNER MAN
ON THE BATTLEFIELD
SOUND OF THE BAGPIPES
WITHOUT A PILOT
SOMETHING BIGGER
FIGHTING MACHINE
MOMENT OF CRISIS
PEACE-LOVING PEOPLE
BLIND MAN
DOOMED TO FAILURE
A BIT TOUGH
IN THE CLOUDS

FEARFULLY
SONNY'S HOMEWORK
MODEST HERO
PERPETUAL MOTION
WHEN AUNTIE'S CYCLING

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

WHAT WE'RE.....
GOING TO.....
HIS LITTLE.....
KIND OF.....
OFF THE.....
FOOL OF A.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two gold Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 15. USE INK, RULE, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

P.O. Value .....
No. ..... "BULLETS" No. 1,420

Signed .....
Address .....

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, APRIL 3

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,420—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 Comp.).

Wherever **Lifebuoy's** antiseptic lather is used in the home there is protection against those germs in the dirt.

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet—1 coupon

L 383-9-65 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

RIZLA

"Rizla News Bulletin"

Cigarette Papers

Still a bit scarce owing to war-time difficulties.

Cigarette Machines

No more until the end of the war. RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Filter Tips

NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 *Cigarettes for 4d.* Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers ask your Wholesaler for supplies).

RIZLA

In that new world for which we struggle Art shall enter the lives of the people, helping to express them and raising a standard in labour as in life. The temples of leisure to house our noble art heritage shall be the treasuries of fancy, invention and imagination, to help, to encourage, to inspire!

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LIMITED

CWS 16097

by the **SOFTENING, SMOOTHING, SOOTHING** lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream

1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

★ **WORLD'S LARGEST SALE**

A Smile that's worth while

A real Odol Smile is almost a National Asset these days. Don't take any chances with it. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. So take no chances. Use Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE
TOOTH-POWDER
SOLID DENTIFRICE
DENTURE POWDER

Smile!

V.D.

Do YOU know these facts?

Venereal disease—syphilis and gonorrhœa—ruins health, endangers life, wrecks happiness, ruins careers, injures innocent people, and imperils the future of the race. Only by knowing the facts about these loathsome diseases, can we all help to check the spread of them.

How Venereal Disease is caught. In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who has the disease; the risk of catching it in any other way—about a "seat" or a glass or any ordinary contact in lodgings or at work—is almost nil. Professional prostitutes are not the only spreaders of these diseases; anyone who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up venereal disease. Clean living is the one certain safeguard.

Syphilis. Syphilis is a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely it can cause death or total disablement from heart disease, paralysis and insanity. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child causing it to be born dead, or to die early, become blind, deaf, or mentally defective.

Gonorrhœa. Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous, is more serious than is generally believed, and may cause arthritis, chronic ill-health, [illegible] in both men and women—possibility of [illegible].

V.D. can be cured if treated early by a specialist; quack or self-treatment is useless and may be dangerous.

A specialist's advice and treatment are FREE at any V.D. clinic: any doctor will give the addresses, which are also posted on public conveniences. There is usually no need to stay away from work during treatment—clinics are open in the evening. Treatment is CONFIDENTIAL. Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure; only a doctor can say when treatment may be stopped. Anyone who suspects he or she has caught V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE.

These are the signs: The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10—90 days—usually three or four weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge from the sex organs, and usually appears from 2 to 10 days after infection.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

(VD 25-9)

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